Saturday Review

AUGUST 1, 1959 / 25¢

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INTERVIEW WITH A SOVIET OFFICIAL

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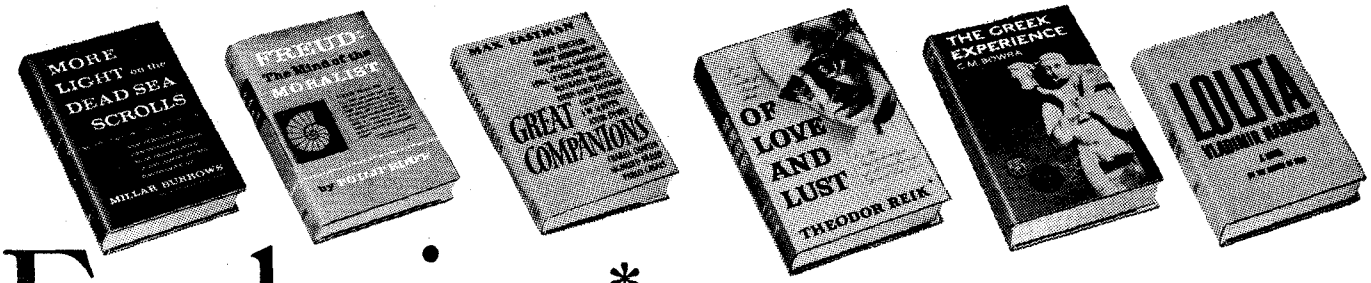

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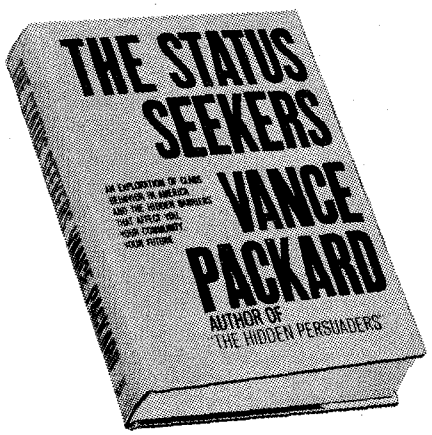

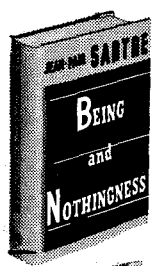

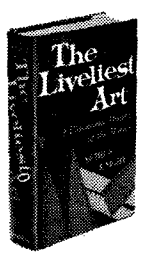

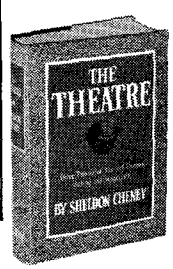

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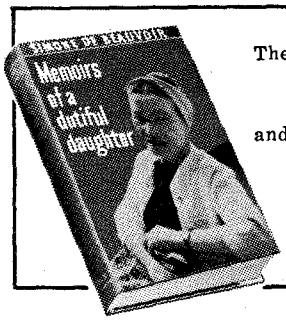

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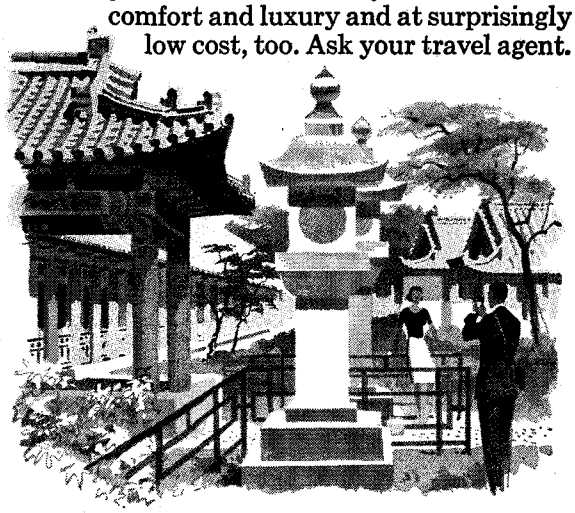

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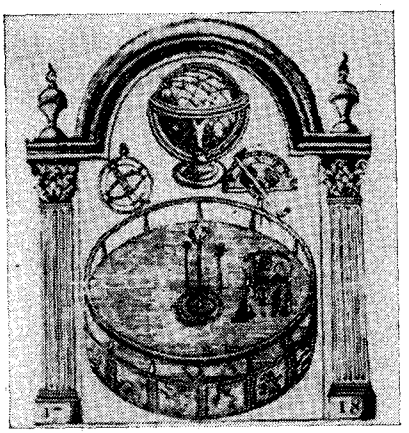

PROPOSING: THE IRISH GEOPHYSICAL YEAR

[VOL. II No V]

It's the old story: man's eternal thirst for truth. Since our problem defies the laboratory there's nothing for it but we [[The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland]] must go to the field. Pure research. Even if we don't make a penny out of it the first three months. ✠ Our problem has nought to do with the whiskey itself, understand. Perfection there was arrived at long ago; progress is perhaps our least important product. And even if we *did* achieve unthinkable advances you'd wait with your tongues hanging out for some time; the burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskeys you so enjoy today were laid down years and years and years ago. ✠ No, we pursue another enigma: Yourself [[The Irish Whiskey Drinker]]. What are the solid innate qualities that turned you to Irish Whiskey? And how to encourage these traits in others? ✠ What is needed is geographical isolation from the distractions of competitive drink. Yes, and a scientific Control Group of *non*-Irish Whiskey drinkers. All under the aegis of the Irish Geophysical Year Expedition. ✠ Well, you'll appreciate that appropriate base camp sites are not to be found on every street corner. Only one seems to fill the prime requisites of cleanliness, vigorous climate, and unspoiled countryside: McMurdo Sound. ✠ Now, as to organization and indoctrination of the Expeditionary Party:

[1] Irish Whiskey drinkers should A) Send in for their I. G.Y. Expedition I. D. Cards; B) Immediately get in touch with other Irish Whiskey drinkers and arrange among yourselves about transport, projects, mittens, spending money, and so forth. Yes, and partake of a drop as you ponder; maintaining mood is important in the planning stage.

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Ah, were we free to join you on this great adventure! Alas, someone must stay behind here at G. H. Q. to guard the sales curve. Watch this space: from time to time there will be bulletins of significance.

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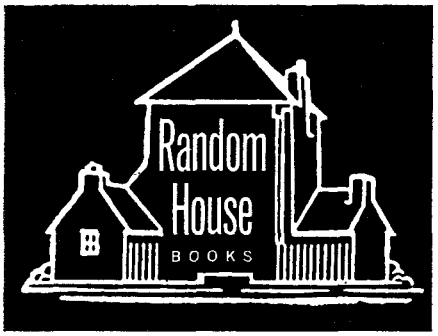

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

IN THIRTY-SEVEN of forty-one summers, stock-market statisticians have delighted to figure, the market has gone up, and this summer was no exception. From Wall Street to Main Street it was raining cats and dogs, and everybody and his maiden aunt and the doorman and the taxi-driver were either already in the market, or all ready to get out—no one seemed to know which—when along came the steel strike. Fortunately, the old-timers had their adages ready, too. "Never sell," the adage ran, "on strike news." On the other hand, we think it's about time for some new adages, and we even have a suggestion: these days the only thing you can send to outer space and be sure to get back again, is an electronics stock.

Particularly timely during the month was that old story which still makes the rounds—of the meeting, in 1922, held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago. It was attended, as you may recall, by nine of the world's most successful financiers—the president of the largest steel company, the president of the largest utility, the president of the largest gas company, the greatest wheat speculator, the president of the New York Stock Exchange, a member of the United States Cabinet, the greatest Wall Street "bear," the head of the world's greatest monopoly, and the president of the Bank of International Settlements. Twenty-five years later, in order, Charles Schwab (steel) had died bankrupt, having lived the last five years of his life on borrowed money; Samuel Insull (utilities) had died a penniless fugitive from justice; Howard Hopson (gas) was insane, Arthur Cutton (wheat) died insolvent abroad; Richard Whitney had recently been released from Sing Sing; Cabinet member Albert Fall had been pardoned from prison so he could die at home; and the last trio, Jesse Livermore, Ivar Kreuger, and Leon Fraser, had all been suicides.

We got a taste of the midsummer stock madness when we dropped in on the burgeoning offices of Velcro—a new clothing fastener that threatens to outzip the zipper. The fastener got invented after a man in Switzerland named George de Mestral became annoyed on a hiking trip in the mountains when he got himself covered with burrs. As a boy he had always taken things apart to see what made them tick, and this time he took the burrs apart to see what made them stick. This year the company he founded will make over 60,000,000 yards of his invention. At the offices, however, while we learned that business was wonderful, we also learned that a very high percentage of incoming calls were from people telephoning to inquire if the firm had any stock out. (They don't—it is privately held, the majority by a group of Canadians.) On the way home, we had a disquieting thought about the way the next depression might start. So many people would be putting so much money into stocks that they might not have any left to buy the stock's products.

• • •

One thing everybody seemed to have enough money left for was anything Russian—indeed during New York's Summer Festival it was hard to tell Manhattan from Moscow. One young lady had, in one day, seen the USSR Exhibit at the Coliseum, the Soviet Cinepanorama "Great Is My Country" on Broadway, and the Russian Dance Festival at Madison Square Garden. "Honestly," she said, "I feel as if I've been brainwashed." We had pretty much the same feeling, and it was hard enough to get used to the *outside* of the Coliseum (let alone the inside) with the Hammer and Sickle up there, big as you please, flying side by side with Old Glory. Inside, however, everything was extremely well done and even, for the Soviets at least, underplayed. We were more impressed than some of the critics have been with the art (and correspondingly nervous as to just why so much of our art going over there has to be so far "out"). We were embarrassed by at least half of the remarks on the part of the "comment cowboys" in the open notebooks the Russians (rather naïvely, we thought) left around at so many of the exhibits. Just because we have entered the era of the common man, it does seem we might be able to do a little better, particularly on occasions like this, than common manners.

Meanwhile, our answer to the Russians, the American National Exhibition at Moscow, seemed to get all fouled up before it even started, not only with the fashion industry's idea

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of integration but also with the idea of fashion in the first place. Even before the plane left for Moscow we had had our reservations (about it, not on it) as we have always had about anything the fashion industry undertakes. They told us that they were going to exhibit clothes "anyone could afford," and since the idea was to show "real people" the group would include only ten professional models ("to give a finished look," we were told). Among the "real people" chosen were the Davis family from Short Hills (he sells advertising), the Hockmann family from Brooklyn (he is a presser and his parents were Russian), a young actor who is part American Indian, and "a handsome young Negro couple" (he is a calculations clerk at Union Carbide and she is a nurse at Beth Israel). What worried us perhaps the most was the fashion industry's parting line to us: "the couple will be married as soon as they come back."

• • •

Altogether, it was a hard month for Union Carbide. It was one of their men (a public-relations man, for heaven's sake) who, as the president of the West Side Tennis Club, told Dr. Ralph Bunche that neither he nor his son could be members of the club because they are Negroes. Somehow, though, the surprised indignation on the part of so many people over the whole thing seemed to us to be about as far over on the hypocritical side as anything that has happened in a long time. As for ourselves, we didn't want Dr. Bunche to be a member of the West Side Tennis Club *only* because a national tennis tournament happens to be played there, and we think that the ensuing news stories which said, "Same pattern of bias found at other clubs," hardly belonged in the *news* columns—except perhaps to people who have been living in outer space. We can't help but recall the story of the starting of the Century Club, back in another century, and a Union Clubber's stern reaction. "I hear there's a club down on Forty-fourth Street," he said, "that picks its members by *merit*. Now isn't that a hell of a way to run a club?"

Another club hassle occurred at the River Forest Club in Chicago over the play (or rather non-play) of the American (and Peruvian) champion Alex Olmedo. Somehow, we were reminded of another story—of old Tom Pettit, the famous Newport Casino professional, who was watching his first match of modern tournament players. "If I'd known how much money there was in being an amateur," he said, "I'd never have turned pro."

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Vanity publishers continue to separate unsuspecting authors from thousands of dollars each year. The writer ends up with a cellar full of worthless books, and a highly condensed bank account. All of this is the result of a thoroughly slick and convincing con job on the part of the vanity publishers—a job that builds the ego of the writer to Cloud Seven as it pulls the wallet out of his pocket in one swift motion.

TO GET A FIRST-HAND picture of how all this worked, we sat down recently and knocked out a complete collection of "poetry" in twenty-four minutes. We invented a poet who didn't exist,

and gave her the disarming name of Mary B. Copeland. We found an empty apartment mailbox, and arranged to have Mary's mail delivered there. We shipped off Mary's manuscript of eighteen poems to one of the leading vanity publishers, and waited for Mary's brilliant entrance into the literary world.

IT'S IMPORTANT TO emphasize that Mary's poems were written as fast as we could type. They made no sense whatever—even by modern poetry standards. As Mary's alter ego, we went out of our way to make *sure* they didn't make sense. And as a check against the unlikely fact that Mary might have unconsciously turned out some good poetry, we submitted the same collection to a couple of established publishers to get their reactions.

Here are a few samples of Mary's poetry:

OVER AND UNDER

Over and under—
As if through some captious silence
I belie whatever there is
To crane the hophead vigor
Of it all.

Now if anybody can make any sense out of this, he is certainly in need of help. How a person can "crane the hophead vigor of it all"—whatever that means—I don't know. Or take this one, another typical example:

OVER MOST OF THESE STATIONS

Over most of these stations
And some which are not
Comes the jet-pushed silence
Of twisted butternuts.

ON JUNE 6, WE WROTE Mary's transmittal letter with loving care. (We were beginning to believe that Mary really existed. We pictured her as a retired schoolteacher. Mouse-colored hair, with a bun. Square-toed space shoes. She had, we imagined, been writing poems for years in the furtive quiet of a room in her sister-in-law's house in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. She was now, we felt, visiting a friend in New York.)

"Dear Sir," Mary wrote to her unseen editors. "For some time now, my friends have suggested that I submit my poetry for possible publication. While I am very hesitant to do this, I noticed your name in the classified directory, and the fact that you might be interested in new writers who have never been published before.

"I have picked out what I think are the best poems, which might be enough to make up a little volume, and would appreciate at least your looking them over to see if you might find them worthy of publication. . . ."

They would be found worthy, all right. As long as Mary had a bank account large enough to make them worthy. If she didn't, they would suddenly and mysteriously become unworthy.

IT TOOK EXACTLY three days for Mary's publisher to come through with its "editorial" reaction—and *acceptance for publication.*

"Dear Miss Copeland," wrote the so-called Editorial Director. "Thank you for your letter of June 6th, with which you enclosed some samples of your poetry. We think they are attractive and would like to get out a slim volume for you. . . ."

Mary had *arrived.* Her years of labor (or at least minutes, anyway) were now rewarded with a crowning achievement: publication.

There was one minor problem. A few more poems were needed to fill out a projected forty-eight-page volume. This meant more work for Mary, but it was worth it, we figured, to see how all this would come out.

Previous experience (all twenty-four minutes of it) in writing Mary's poetry had taught us that the biggest hump to get over was the title. Sometimes finding a title for a poem would slow us up as much as five or six seconds. Determined to set a speed record for the second group of eighteen poems, we latched onto the Boy Scout laws as a base for our first twelve titles, and this fact alone enabled us to come in on record time: twenty-one minutes for eighteen poems. The titles ran in sequence: "Trust," "Loyalty," "To Help," "The Friend," "Courtesy," "Kindness Tells," "Obedient to the End"—and so on to the end of the Boy Scout laws. After that, we padded out with such titles as "To My Analyst."

On rereading this latter poem, we are forced to admire its total paranoiac confusion:

TO MY ANALYST

My analyst stands apart from other men, and knows it not.
Or if he knows it he fail [sic] in ever widening circles to
Express it when it need be not expressed. And if expressed,
He calls not for it with his ego-mind, alert.

Any analyst could have a heyday with this one, which of course is a matter of some concern to us, now that we think it over.

MARY'S SECOND LETTER to her "publishers" would naturally have to be in character, and we drafted it carefully.

"Dear _____," we wrote. "I

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am so nervous and happy about your note that I can hardly type this letter. I find it really hard to believe that you will really consider these, my poems, and I have shown your letter to my friends (who were the ones who urged me on in the first place) and they, too, are delighted.

"I notice that this would require some investment on my part. . . . I do have some money saved up, if you are sure it would be a good thing to do. . . .

"I will be in and out of town making little side trips to historical places, and am on my way this week to Lexington and Concord, which I shall find interesting. . . ."

We added the last paragraph, because it suddenly occurred to us that the publisher might want to meet Mary personally, and we didn't feel we'd go over too well wearing a wig and our shabby black taffeta, which has seen better days.

MARY THEN WENT through a frightful moment of tension when the vanity people acknowledged the second group of poems.

"This is just a word to acknowledge receipt of the rest of your poems," they wrote. "I shall put the whole manuscript through now for a closer reading and hope to have a report for you within the next week or two."

Could this mean rejection? Could Mary's dreams be shattered? What did they mean, "closer reading"? It took just ten days to find out that all was well:

"Dear Miss Copeland," began their letter of June 24. "I am glad to be able to tell you that your manuscript 'POEMS' has received a very good report from our editorial readers.

"I am enclosing a copy of this report so that you may know how our various departments appraised the publishing possibilities of your material.

"Your manuscript is now in the hands of our vice-president. You will be hearing from him in a very few days with a contract giving you all the terms and conditions for the publication of your book. . . ."

THE PAY-OFF OF this amazingly slick piece of subterfuge lay in the so-called "INTER-OFFICE MANUSCRIPT REPORT."

In the first place, no established publisher would dream of sending a confidential editorial report to an author, except for suggestions for rewriting. In the second place, no collection of such mad poetry could ever receive the accolades of this editorial report:

"This is a sensitively wrought and provocative collection of poems on a variety of themes," the report begins, "chiefly inspired by the moods and self-reflections of the author's spirit.

"The verse is taut and succinct, going *directly to the heart of the matter* without persiflage. [The italics are ours; it was nice to learn that Mary had reached the heart of the matter.] And throughout there are scattered many phrases and images that remain in the memory.

"Though the free-verse style is frequently abused today, in this little volume it is varied and graceful, achieving its own harmonies without the need of a thumping meter or jingling rhymes. Recommended for publication."

What if Mary had been a real person, struggling for years to write? What if she *believed* this free-verse flattery? What if she had sent her poems to publisher after publisher only to be greeted by this report at a later date?

As a matter of fact, we were able to get two of the actual editorial reports from two of the established publishers, who tautly rejected Mary's poems:

"I'm very much afraid," wrote one editor, "that this is either a joke, or Miss Copeland has been severely misled by her friends. She is simply wasting her time."

Said another experienced editor: "It is pathetic that this author has been encouraged to write poetry. There is absolutely no cohesion or purpose in the entire collection."

ON JUNE 26, an impressive letter from the vice-president of the vanity publisher reached Mary. It contained an official-looking contract asking Mary for the neat sum of $1,090 to launch her collection of poems.

Unfortunately, neither of us have that much money to spend.

But we are not without considerable regret.

It's a shame that Mary's poems could not go down in posterity, neatly bound in heavy-board covers, as a testimony to vanity and how it can put false stars in our eyes.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

(*Whose poetic license has expired*)

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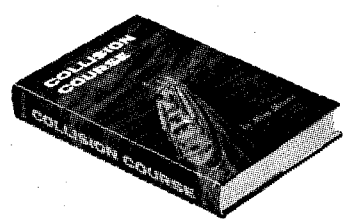

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Saturday Review
AUGUST 1, 1959

INTERVIEW WITH A SOVIET OFFICIAL

The editor of the Saturday Review *has been in the Soviet Union. Herewith is the second of a series of reports growing out of his trip.*

THE HIGH Soviet official looked at his watch. I realized that I had overstayed my allotted time by almost an hour; I apologized and stood up.

What I have told you is not for direct attribution, he said. You may not identify the source. I hope the material I have given you will be useful for background purposes.

His position was not unexpected, taking into account a series of recent interviews with visitors in which there had later been direct attribution. This was accompanied, Soviet officials felt, by a distortion of the government position. They were annoyed and resentful.

It was clear when I entered the room that this official was not in the buoyant, genial, comradely mood that I had been told was his manner.

I began by asking if he was pleased by the American response to the Soviet Exposition in New York.

He nodded and said nothing.

I then asked whether he didn't feel that President Eisenhower's statement about the Exposition was a constructive act that would commend the fair to American citizens.

Once again, he nodded curtly and said nothing.

I asked whether the cultural-exchange program, under which I had come to the Soviet Union, was working out well by now.

He said that on the whole, yes, the program seemed to be going well. Some difficulties, disagreements, and occasional arguments, but he felt that the program should continue.

What was important, he added, was that more and more people were able to discard their misconceptions. Consider, for example, the case of the American governors who had recently arrived in the Soviet Union. These are highly intelligent and educated men whose job it is to be well informed, he said, but they were now discovering that what they had been told about the Soviet Union in their press had deceived them.

One of the American governors had remarked to the government official that he had no idea that the Soviet standard of living was as advanced as it was. The governor was not prepared for the appearance of well-being in the Soviet people, or for the density of automobile traffic, or for the kinds of goods carried in the stores—washing machines, refrigerators, fine cameras, all sorts of electrical equipment, jewelry, works of art—or for the huge crowds buying all these goods.

IT'S THE same story with most visitors from the United States, the official said. They expect to come here and find our people eating coupons instead of bread, walking around in rags, or living in terror under a police state. Instead, they find hundreds upon hundreds of new housing developments, plenty of food, people with money in their pockets, more jet planes than are to be found anywhere in the world, good wines, and workingmen in health resorts that would be beyond the reach of people in average circumstances elsewhere. They see all this and they want to know how this could be happening without their having known it.

Now, the official continued, the Soviet compares favorably with the nations of Central Europe but it is not yet up to the level of prosperity of the United States or Western Europe. Nor is the per capita production level up to that of the U.S.

He leaned forward and gripped the desk.

Let me tell you something, he said. The next two or three years we are going to put our housing problem behind us. That has right of way. Every day in Moscow, two large apartment houses or more are completed. Hundreds throughout the country. In a few years, maybe two or three, we will be caught up in housing. Then we will concentrate on other things to raise even higher the standard of living of our people.

A few years after that and our people will be able to buy automobiles. We're preparing for it right now by widening our streets and boulevards and building highways. We want cars but we don't want your congestion or your parking problems.

We've recently held a party meeting at which there was a great deal of criticism. We've been talking about our shortcomings and weaknesses and we're going to profit from such self-examination.

Your press is not doing its job, he went on. In 1953, when we owned up to our shortcomings, your press said that we were on the verge of catastrophe. That was six years ago. Mr. Hearst came here at that time and later wrote that we were only a short distance from collapse. Well, when he was here we assured him that if he returned ten years later, he would still find us in business. Now I understand that Mr. Hearst is coming here with Mr. Nixon in connection with your Fair. [*] It will be interesting to see whether he still believes we

[*] EDITOR'S FOOTNOTE: William Randolph Hearst, Jr., also visited the Soviet Union in winter, 1956-57.

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are on the verge of collapse. He'll see some changes, I'm certain, but they'll all be for the better.

Most Americans don't seem to understand what it is to rebuild a country after war devastation, he continued. Half of our country was in ruins. Twenty million people were killed. All cattle from Leningrad to the Caucasus destroyed. Hardly any place to live. This is what an observer has to keep in mind when he measures our progress today.

Come back here in seven or ten years. See if I am right when I tell you we are going to have a standard of living as high as or even higher than you Americans. We will produce for the world markets.

I assured my host that there would be no resentment in America about the improvement in the living conditions of the Soviet people. Our aim was not to keep other people from enjoying the good things of life. Indeed, he could expect only the most genuine congratulations from the American people for any achievement in the Soviet that added to the prosperity and happiness of his people.

This was the kind of competition we are most eager to have, I added. Certainly, we feel no rancor when other people have genuine well-being. In fact, we were hopeful that the peaceful competition between the Soviet people and our own would not be confined to what each nation did for its own people. Most of the world's populations do not know what it is to have an adequate meal, or adequate education, or adequate medical care. It is what each of us can do in terms of the larger needs that should figure in the peaceful competition between our countries.

THE OFFICIAL relaxed his grip on his desk and leaned back in his chair. Of course, he said, the Soviet Union had no intention of ignoring what was happening in the rest of the world.

Tell me, he said, his whole manner now less clipped, you have been to various parts of our country. You have been able to observe our people. How do you feel about what you have seen? If you have criticisms to make, please make them.

First of all, I replied, I was impressed, profoundly so, by the evidence of recent progress. In the last three or four years, it was apparent to me that the nation had leapt forward far beyond anything it had known before. I was struck by the high purchasing power of the average citizen. I met persons with savings of tens of thousands of rubles; young engineers with five figures in their savings-account books; hotel cleaning women whose husbands have already entered their names for private automobiles when they become available.

Also, in the South, on the Black Sea Coast, I saw row upon row of palatial health resorts, where people of modest means could enjoy luxurious vacations and comprehensive medical care at only a fraction of the actual cost.

And wherever I have gone I have seen the vast new housing projects. True, they leave something to be desired from an architectural standpoint—they repeat themselves endlessly and seem heavy and tired even before the doors are installed. But they provide sturdy modern living space for those who need it, and that comes first. And, most of all, I noted the fact that no one I met doubted that your high production goals would be achieved.

Finally, I said, I wished to acknowledge the genuine spirit of friendliness I have met everywhere. All these things and more, as I say, made a most favorable impression.

I am glad, he said. You go back with no disappointments, then?

Not quite, I said. I have had some disappointments.

Serious ones?

I consider them as such. Let us talk about peace first. Soviet leaders have said that peace is important. No one takes exception to that statement. You have also said that the Soviet people want peace. The same is true of the American people. Yet you will forgive me for saying that it may not be particularly profound to say that both peoples want peace. People may want peace and yet their governments may pursue policies or make mistakes that lead away from peace.

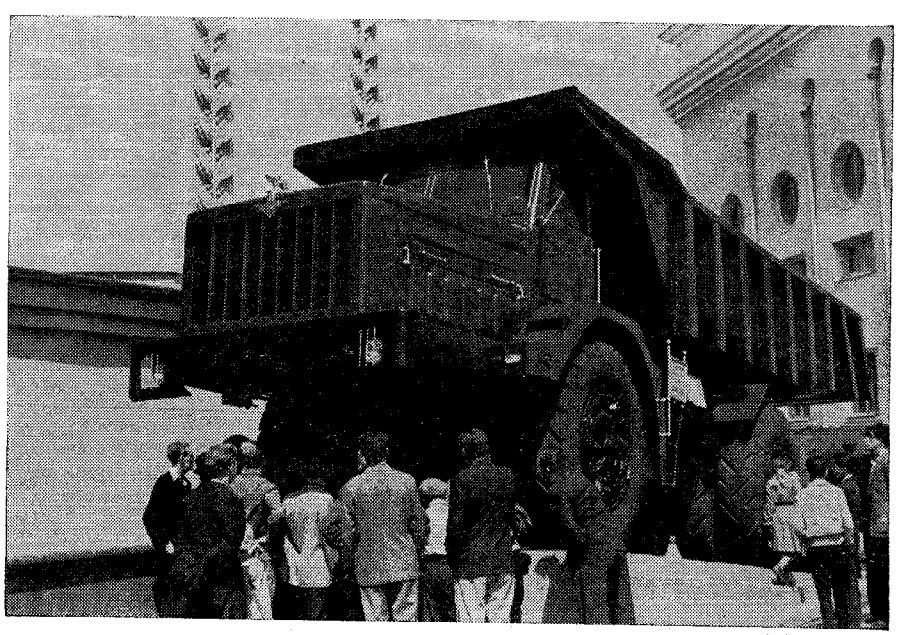
One minute, the official said. Perhaps you are unaware of the fact that we have a law in the Soviet Union that makes it a crime for anyone in this country, whether a member of the government or a plain citizen, to advocate war. Wouldn't you say that we have made it as plain as it is possible to make it that our policies are for peace?

Yes, I am aware of your law against advocacy of war, I replied; but there appears to be no law against the kind of abrasive and inflammatory propaganda against a nation that turns one people against another and leads them away from peace.

The official leaned forward and gripped his desk again.

THAT is not true, he said. You will find no inflammatory propaganda in this country against the United States. Your General Norstad talked openly about bombing the Soviet Union, your Defense Secretary said that the United States may have to consider launching a preventive nuclear war, and one of your leading American magazines—I believe it was the *U.S. News & World Report*—published large maps with arrows pointed at the heart of the Soviet Union, showing how easy it would be for the United States to destroy the Soviet Union from its missile and bomber bases that are ringed around the Soviet Union.

What are we supposed to say to this? he continued. Are we supposed to smile and say that this is a demonstration of your peaceful intentions? How are we supposed to react to that kind of war talk? Well, I will tell you one thing. We are not going to make fools of ourselves like that before



—*N. C.*

Forty-ton truck on display at the USSR Exposition in Moscow. "We are going to have a standard of living . . . even higher than you Americans."

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the world's people. You will hear no war talk from the Soviet Union. And you are wrong, completely wrong, when you say that we engage in inflammatory propaganda against the United States.

I told the official that I had in mind a prominent article I had read only a few days earlier in the *Moscow News*. This was an article that said Americans were forcing South Koreans into slave labor and were shipping them to South America. The story also charged the United States with continuing atrocities against Koreans and said that we were planning aggression against North Korea.

Now, I said, if I were a Russian and read that article in the *Moscow News*, I would not be very peaceably inclined toward the United States or any country that would be guilty of these things. In any case, I said, my point is that the story in the *Moscow News* is not true. It is not documented. As it concerns the charge of impressing people into slave labor, surely the Soviet leaders must know that this is impossible. The American people have a particular sensitivity on this point. It happens that we fought a war, civil war, on this issue of slavery. Any American officials who were responsible today for forcing people into slavery would be impeached in a matter of days. I can imagine nothing more inflammatory than this. The story may not be an outright advocacy of war but do you not agree that this is the stuff of which war fever is made?

Are you sure that such an article appeared? he countered. He said he knew of no such story.

He rang for his secretary and said he would see if the *Moscow News* in fact carried the story.

I told the official that I had a copy of the issue in my bag; I handed it to him, with circles around the offending paragraphs.

He read it slowly, then looked at me. How do you know it isn't true? he asked. He asserted that he was prepared to believe the truth of what he had just read. The writer has no reason for saying what he did were it not true. None of this would have come up if you hadn't been in Korea in the first place. You had no business being in Korea. You should get out of Korea. You should get out of Japan, Turkey, West Berlin, and all the other places where you have military establishments near the Soviet Union. We don't have troops in Mexico, Haiti, or Latin America. If we did, you would feel indignant and outraged. You would feel your security was being threatened. Why don't you understand that this is exactly the way we feel about what you are doing?

Everyone should stay home, he continued. We said a long time ago we would be willing to withdraw our troops from Central Europe if the United States would agree to withdraw its military bases from foreign soil. That's a reasonable offer. Why surround us with your forces?

He said that the Soviet was willing to talk to the U.S. about these questions—at the summit or anywhere else. He thought the summit might be useful because everyone knows that the foreign ministers have no real authority. Only the heads of the governments can discuss these big questions. But they were not begging for a summit conference. If the U.S. wants it, fine. If not, the Soviet leaders could wait.

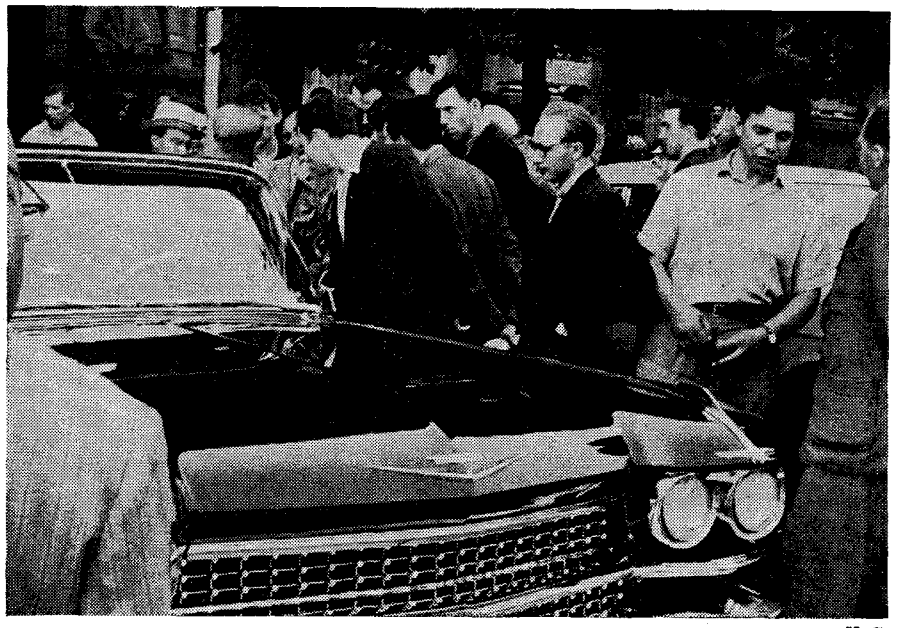
There was no basic American objection to a summit conference, I said. The question seemed to concern not so much the authority of the participants but their willingness to do the things that could give substance to the hopes raised by such a meeting.

I returned to the matter of the slave-labor story in the *Moscow News* and said that the official's readiness to believe it bothered me even more than the article itself. In fact, it troubled me more than anything that happened since I arrived in the Soviet Union. For if he, a person in a position of authority really believed such a story, then the hope for real peace might be slim indeed. The fact of the matter was that the article was untrue—dangerously untrue. The author could offer no proof or documentation.

I had hoped in our discussion, I continued, that no attempt would be made to defend the indefensible. The aim was rather to discuss mutual approaches that might remove obstacles to peace. It was in that vein that I brought up the objectionable story in the *Moscow News* to illustrate my point that there may be a law against war advocacy, but there was no law against creating the kind of hatred that could prepare people for war. When an American magazine engaged in inflammatory articles or provocative war talk, surely the Soviet government realized that it was a commercial magazine and not a government that was speaking. But when an inflammatory article appeared in the Soviet press, one makes the natural assumption that it could not appear if it were inconsistent with government policy.

You will find, on the whole, the official replied, that there is a genuine attempt here to maintain a responsible and friendly press. He could give assurances, he continued, that their press exercised restraint. Consider the case of the American Exposition here in Moscow. All sorts of nonsensical objections to it were raised in the USA—some people even saying that the paintings you intended to show were un-American and that some of the artists were Communists. We haven't said anything about this in our press here. We don't want to stir up trouble. We want your Exposition to be seen by our people. We are not afraid to have our people know about America. We are not afraid to show your frozen foods or your cars. Our people know

(*Continued on page* 32)



—*N. C.*

An American car in the Soviet Union invariably produces analytical discussion—"We want cars but don't want your congestion or your parking problems."

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Clarity, Clarity, Clarity

By Granville Hicks

IF YOU are interested in writing so as to be understood, you will find **"The Elements of Style,"** by William Strunk, Jr., with revisions, an introduction, and a new chapter by E. B. White (Macmillan, $2.50), a valuable little handbook. In 1957 Mr. White wrote a piece for *The New Yorker* about Professor Strunk, who was a teacher of his at Cornell forty years ago, and about the manual Strunk had prepared for the use of his classes in writing. White brought this manual up to date and wrote an essay for it on some of the larger problems of style. The result is not a substitute for such a work as H. W. Fowler's "Modern English Usage," but its seventy-one pages are full of good sense.

But of course you may be interested in writing so as not to be understood. Many people are, and that is the source of much of our trouble with language. If ignorance and laziness were the only enemies of clarity, we might be able to deal with them, but in fact language is constantly being debased, sometimes in a quite systematic fashion, by individuals who profit from confusion. This is a process that is probably as old as language itself, but it has some characteristic modern forms that are worth looking at.

The most striking examples of the deliberate debauching of language come from the dictatorships. Both Hitler and Stalin learned to say "joy" when they meant "misery," "defense" when they meant "aggression," "peace" when they meant "war." The dictators were, of course, only developing a method that has always been practised by the garden variety of politician, but their control over the means of communication gave them a larger chance of success than any ordinary officeholder could hope for. Whether they succeeded in fooling many people is a question, but they did sow confusion, and that served their purpose.

In our country there are plenty of people, not all of them politicians by any means, who are prepared to assert, when it suits them, that black is white, but truth has a chance of catching up. (Catching up, as Richard Rovere shows in his "Senator Joe McCarthy," sometimes takes quite a while.) The great practical danger here is the evasion of clarity. This is peculiarly a trait of the bureaucrats, whether they are in government, business, or the professions. Evasion of clarity is tantamount to the evasion of responsibility, and responsibility is what the average bureaucrat wants as little as possible of. Evasion becomes a habit, and the imprecise word, the qualifying phrase that obscures the issue, the amplification that is in effect a contradiction, these seem to issue automatically from the lips of most bureaucrats, even when clarity could do no harm. As reports of his press conferences show, President Eisenhower is a sad victim of this habit.

Probably the most careful students of the use of language as an instrument of misunderstanding are the writers of advertising. The purpose of most advertising is to create a false impression without telling the kind of downright lie that would get the advertiser into trouble with the government. Fortunately, this is so generally recognized that most people discount advertising claims without having to think about what they are doing, but there is a kind of residual confusion.

COPY writers, as E. B. White points out, sin in another way. They are competing for the attention of readers, and they are willing to play hob with the language in order to get it.

> Today [White notes] the language of advertising enjoys an enormous circulation. With its deliberate infractions of grammatical rules and its cross-breeding of the parts of speech, it profoundly influences the tongues and pens of children and adults. Your new kitchen range is so revolutionary it *obsoletes* all other ranges. Your counter top is beautiful because it is *accessorized* with gold-plated faucets. Your cigarette tastes good *like* a cigarette should. And *like the man says*, you will want to try one. Journalists often sin in the same way and for the same reason.

White also touches briefly on the problem of special vocabularies. An exact science has to have its precise, agreed-upon terminology, and if this condemns the layman to ignorance, there is nothing to be done about it. With the social sciences, on the other hand, it is not clear either that a precise terminology is possible or that the findings of these disciplines cannot be communicated in the ordinary language of educated men and women. At least there are excellent sociologists and historians for whom standard English seems to suffice.

As for the special vocabularies of the professions, sometimes, as in medicine and up to a point in law, they serve a useful purpose, but I doubt whether they would be used as much as they are if they didn't inspire in the layman a gratifying degree of humility. In recent years educators have been conspicuous offenders, and the jargon that flourishes in the textbooks creeps into the reports that teachers send home to their pupils' parents. With education the kind of critical issue that it is, one would think that communication between teachers and parents should be relentlessly clear, but teachers like to demonstrate that they, too, are adepts of a mystery.

As "The Elements of Style" shows, the struggle for clarity does go on, and a good thing too.

> Muddiness [White says] is not merely a disturber of prose, it is a destroyer of life, of hope; death on the highway caused by a badly worded roadsign; heartbreak among lovers caused by a misplaced phrase in a well-intentioned letter, anguish of a traveler expecting to be met at a railroad station and not being met because of a slipshod telegram.

But we can go further than that. In "Nineteen Eighty-four" George Orwell tried to imagine what might happen if certain modern tendencies, most strongly manifested in the dictatorships but not peculiar to them, should be carried to their logical extreme. He was specially fascinated with the possibilities of the debasement of language, and to this subject he devoted an appendix, "The Principles of Newspeak." The point he dramatizes is that the corruption of language means the corruption of thought, and the warning is relevant even if the rule of Big Brother isn't imminent.

Even without the assistance of those who have their own reasons for greasing the skids, the language is always slipping into imprecision, and most of us, no doubt, are guilty of at least contributory negligence. We need to be reminded from time to time that we too have a responsibility for resisting the process of attrition and decay, and "The Elements of Style" is a worthy and practical sort of reminder. As White says, "Clarity, clarity, clarity."

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Our Controversial Constitution

The heartbeat of the nation's most august legal body is stethoscoped through two enlightening recent works: ***"The Public Papers of Chief Justice Earl Warren," edited by Henry M. Christman*** *(Simon & Schuster. 237 pp. $4.50), and* ***"Douglas of the Supreme Court: A Selection of His Opinions," edited by Vern Countryman*** *(Doubleday. 401 pp. $5.95). The first is considered by Roscoe Pound, formerly dean of the Law School of Harvard University; the second by Ernest Angell, who has made a careful study of constitutional law.*

By Roscoe Pound

"THE PUBLIC Papers of Chief Justice Earl Warren" is timely, informative, and useful. The book is timely because of the recurrence, for the time being, of perennial attacks upon the Supreme Court. In order to form a judgment as to these attacks it is important for the layman to understand the function of the Court in our Federal polity and the qualifications of the judges for performance of that function in a constitutional system of government. It is important to understand precisely what the concrete questions were upon which the judges have been passing in the controversial decisions, and how and on what grounds they were decided in each case. The book is informative because it takes us to the sources for this understanding in well-selected statements of fact and judicial pronouncements thereon unabridged and unedited but in convenient compass. It is useful because the relation of state and Federal Government, the Bill of Rights in the first ten amendments to the Constitution (securing what we call natural rights against the Federal Government), and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments (securing them against the states) must be looked at with respect to the facts of cases upon which the Court has had to pass. Abstract reasoning upon them, apart from the conditions of fact that bring them before the Court, achieves little. It is useful to have the facts of the controversial decisions clearly and succinctly stated for each case, and to have the decision upon those facts in each of the controversial cases set forth as it was put in the opinion of the Court, not in second-hand summary but in authentic statements in the words of the Court itself.

More specifically, it is urged that there is lack of qualification in those who have delivered the opinions of the Court in these controversial cases to pass upon the questions of judicial application of the Constitution.

There are those who insist that judicial experience should be a prerequisite of appointment to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court. But the history of the Court refutes this proposition. Of Chief Justice Warren's predecessors the primary activity, other than as practising lawyers, had been political. Only four had had any judicial experience, and the judicial experience of one of them had extended only to one year upon the supreme bench of a state when he was appointed to the Supreme Court.

On the other hand, while only one Chief Justice had had significant judicial experience before appointment to the Court, all but one had been leaders of the bar, and eleven had held high political office. The list of Chief Justices includes three governors, three senators, six

(*Continued on page 32*)

By Ernest Angell

SIXTY-NINE opinions by Justice William O. Douglas of the United States Supreme Court, out of nearly 200 delivered by him during the first nineteen years of his service on the Court, have been selected for "Douglas of the Supreme Court" by a former law secretary, later a law professor at Yale. Each opinion here printed, the latest being of June, 1958, is preceded by the editor's explanation of the issues of the particular case and of how the other members of the Court voted. An introductory biographical chapter sketches the vivid personality of the subject.

Agree or not with the conclusions of the general run of his opinions, no one can fail to be struck by the vigorous, colorful prose, the clear exposition of reasons, and the head-on grappling with the particular litigated problem presented. Justice Douglas discards impatiently what he regards as outworn shibboleths, and expresses repeatedly his convictions that the Constitution guarantees to the individual the fullest measure of freedom, compatible with national security against actual danger, to pursue and develop the conflicting ideas and ideals of a pluralistic society. There is, perhaps, more fire in the protesting "dissents," which are full half of the total number of these opinions.

The lay reader will find here no mysteries wrapped in professional jargon, nothing indeed which he cannot readily understand—of what Justice Douglas thinks and why. The book is, of course, only a cross section of one judge's applied philosophy, not a conspectus of the Court as a body, nor of any one case in its totality. But this type of single unit, selective presentation of the work of one from nine is a useful method of projecting a body of personal convictions on important issues into better understanding by laymen and lawyers alike. The choice of the opinions offered here is well balanced.

Justice Douglas was appointed in 1939 after the Court, under the leadership of Chief Justice Hughes, had found the way to support the constitutionality of the controversial later New Deal statutes and after the storm aroused by Mr. Roosevelt's abortive 1937 plan to rejuvenate the Court had died down. The new appointee was on the side of wide government regulatory powers, Federal and state, as the opinions under the editor's heading of "The Powers of Government" reveal. In the second group of opinions, "The Economy," the reader meets strong convictions in support of government control, often against the claims of private industry or strong sectional interests.

More than half of the opinions reproduced are in the

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fields of "Fair Governmental Procedures" and "Liberty." Mr. Douglas writes, as a judge, with a passionate devotion to the Bill of Rights, individual conscience, rights of association and privacy. He believes in almost absolute freedom to speak without fear of prosecution. These two sections offer the laymen the most interesting — and arresting — reading. With hardly an exception, he is ranged with Mr. Justice Black and, since 1954, with the new Chief Justice.

Guilt by association is condemned by him as "one of the most odious institutions of history. . . It is procedure that spells much of the difference between rule by law and rule by whim or caprice." Loyalty trials are branded as evil. "Absolute discretion [of a Cabinet Secretary] is a ruthless master." Systematic exclusion of women from a Federal grand jury which indicted for mail fraud and from the petit jury which returned a conviction vitiated the proceeding as it deprives the jury system "of the broad base it was designed by Congress to have in our democratic society."

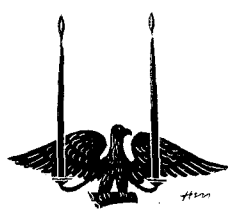
IN TWO strong dissents he urged that the Sixth Amendment provision for counsel to an accused in all criminal prosecutions invalidated state court convictions of persons who were not so represented. "Hence the need for counsel exists in capital cases whether the accused contests the charge against him or pleads guilty."

The question whether a confession of guilt was voluntarily and freely given after long-sustained police quizzing, should, to him, be determined by the court and not be left to the jury: "A fifteen-year-old lad, questioned through the dead of night by relays of police, is a ready victim of the inquisition . . . Power is a heady thing; and history shows that the police acting on their own cannot be trusted." He dissented again from the Court majority in contending that the Fourth Amendment forbidding unreasonable searches and seizures should, in a state court prosecution, bar evidence of guilt obtained by secret police search of a house without a warrant. "We should throw our weight . . . against the lawless police."

Two years after his dissent from the Dennis Communist conspiracy conviction, his dissenting opinion in the famous Rosenberg death-penalty case of 1953 aroused the bitterest criticism because he said: "Now [after the argument before the full Court in special session] I know I am right on the law," that under the Atomic Energy Act of 1946 the death sentence could not be lawfully imposed unless the jury so recommended, which it had not.

In the Terminiello case he spoke for the Court in reversing the conviction for disorderly conduct of one who, in a violent and vulgar speech attacking the Jews and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, had so aroused his audience that a near riot ensued; for by the First Amendment ". . . a function of free speech under our system of government is to invite dispute. It may indeed best serve its high purpose when it induces a condition of unrest, creates dissatisfaction with conditions as they are, or even stirs people to anger." The First Amendment, he maintained, is couched in absolute terms and the freedoms they guarantee "are above and beyond the police power." Yet in another case of close parallel he joined with a unanimous Court in sustaining the conviction under a local ordinance of one who called a policeman a "God-damned racketeer" and "a damned Fascist," as speech likely to provoke a breach of the peace.

Justice Douglas holds in familiar dissent that the Postmaster General had no power of censorship to deny second-class mailing privileges to the magazine *Esquire* and under an obscenity indictment that "the common conscience of the community" is not a constitutional standard for jury determination of guilt. He would not allow "the Philistines" to determine what we may read, for freedom of speech, press, and religion under the First Amendment occupy a "preferred position"—a doctrine not accepted by the present Court majority.



He protested that the privacy of the "captive audience" of a public bus is unlawfully invaded by a radio station's broadcast to the riders; and that New York's Feinberg teachers' loyalty law sustained by the Court majority substitutes "deadening dogma" for the free inquiry guaranteed by the First Amendment.

A reading of the opinions of only one judge among many inevitably distorts the total perspective of the work of any court. Nor are phrases, however crisp and arresting, the measure of the judge's total contribution. The brief excerpts here quoted are only indicia, perhaps superficial, of the reasoning which leads Justice Douglas to the conclusions developed at much greater length in the text, which often draws widely from English and American colonial history.

The repeated disagreements between him and others of the present Court in this area of individual liberty and rights are not merely a matter of logic. At least some of his brethren who have so often ranged themselves against him insist that they are quite as sensitive as he to the values of freedom of traffic in ideas and speech in the market place. The main difference between the two groups is that the others, who bear the popular and oversimplified label of "conservatives," allow greater scope and respect in our scheme of government to the value judgments of the legislature and the executive bodies.

The excerpts here quoted indicate the vigor of the battle which the Justice has waged against the intolerance and the witch-hunts of the McCarthy period—surely a lasting contribution. There has been his equally striking championing of the function of the Court in exercising a broad power to overrule restrictions imposed by other branches of the Government, in order to preserve these values. To do this he is ready to overrule earlier decisions which loom as a judicial blockade to policy reversal—without waiting on the slower process of reform by legislation.

Criticism of the Justice's work, other than the intemperate and the foolish, emanates from two distinct segments of lawyers and political scientists. The first is made up of those who, in all good faith, start from the premise of genuine national danger from Communism, as the most important domestic concern of America today, a concern which, to most of them, overrides constitutional recognition of the individual's right to depart from orthodox norms. In the eyes of this school of thinking, Justice Douglas seems blind to reality. With these critics may be grouped those who ascribe greater values to freedom in business practice and therefore resent regulation of the kind which this judge openly favors and which is accepted by most of his colleagues.

The second major group of critics of the policy determinations and lawmaking of the Douglas school of High Court judges is made up of those who hold that the Supreme Court tends to go too far in suppressing social experiments by the legislature, of which the majority in the frequently divided rulings does not approve, and that the Court in the role of a third legislative chamber upsets the very delicate balance between the powers of the three branches of our structure of government. Here the debate rages today—within the Court, in the Congress, among the competent law scholars—and there is no likelihood that it will soon be resolved, if indeed ever.

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A Passion That Became Poetry

"Mythologies," by William Butler Yeats (Macmillan. 269 pp. $5), is a potpourri of tales that reveal the author's continual delight and curiosity in the supernatural. Critic and novelist Padraic Colum, who edited "A Treasury of Irish Folklore," worked with Yeats in the Abbey Theatre's infancy.

By Padraic Colum

YEATS'S work, one might have thought, does not lend itself to the figure of the bedside book. And what is that figure? A bedside book should have diversity within a certain comprehensiveness; entertainingness, shifts of subject, and, I think, oddness. "Mythologies," written over a period of twenty-four years, from the time Yeats was a young poet collecting countryside lore to the time when he was producing his dramatic work, are diversified pieces, odd in their content, and all relating to what was this poet's abiding interest, the preternatural. One thing that comes over to us in reading the stories included in "Mythologies" is that Yeats is no storyteller: as we read "The Crucifixion of the Outcast," "The Wisdom of the King," "Proud Costello," and the stories about Red Hanrahan, we say to ourselves how much better James Stephens would have done this.

Included in "Mythologies" is that charming collection of his, "The Celtic Twilight," the fairy lore of the country people he went amongst, with a lively presentation of the Dublin sidewalk entertainer, Michael Moran, the last of the gleemen. It was a prosperous time for collectors when the young Yeats began his gossipy rounds along his own county Sligo.

> By bog, road, rath, hillside, seaborder they gather in all shapes: headless woman, men in armour, shadow hares, fire-tongued hounds, whistling seals, and so on. . . . At Drumcliff [the poet Yeats is now buried there] there is a very ancient graveyard. The Annals of the Four Masters have this verse about a soldier named Denadhach, who died in 871: "a pious solder of the race of Conn lies under the hazel crosses of Drumcliff": not very long ago an old woman, turning to go into the churchyard at night to pray, saw standing before her a man in armour, who asked her where she was going. It was the pious solder of the race of Conn, says local wisdom, still keeping watch with his ancient piety, over the graveyard.

Well, a young poet could be doing worse than collecting such items. Many years later will come those extraordinary short plays derived from the Japanese Noh, which will have authenticity from just this—the report of a pious soldier keeping watch in an old graveyard.

When we arrive at such later writing as "Rosa Alchemica," "The Tables of the Law," "The Adoration of the Magi," we realize that Yeats, besides being a Sligo county boy was a Londoner of the 1890s, of the pre-Raphaelite and the *Yellow Book* period.

> I could hear them sigh as though with sorrow for his sorrow, and presently I heard words which I could not understand except they were words of sorrow, and sweet as though immortal was talking to immortal. Then one of them waved her torch, and all the torches waved, and for a moment it was as though some great bird had fluttered its plumage, and a voice cried as from far up in the air. . . . And at that cry I understood that the Order of the Alchemical Rose was not of this earth, and that it was still seeking over this earth for whatever souls it could gather within its glittering net.

Some lost manuscript of Oscar Wilde's might well contain writing of this kind.

Yeats wanted to be an initiate of the occult, the arcane. He was a member of the Rosicrucian Order. Always he cultivated a visionary faculty and could bring images before him. "Many years ago I saw, between sleeping and waking, a woman of incredible beauty shooting an arrow into the sky, and from the moment when I made my first guess at her meaning I have thought much of the difference between the winding movement of Na-

MY RECOLLECTIONS of Yeats become more defined when I think of him in theatrical surroundings. The first site is in a little hall behind a grocery shop in unattractive Camden Street. A National Theatre Society had been founded for the production of the few existing Irish plays: dominating this Society were Willie Fay, a competent director, and Frank Fay, a wonderful speaker of verse and a wonderful teacher of speech. By putting shillings together the members of the Society had rented this hall, and, under the supervision of Willie Fay, we made benches and set up a stage.

We were then engaged in rehearsing the first play in Yeats's real theatrical manner, "The King's Threshold." When Yeats, who was then turning forty, arrived in the little hall for rehearsals, he would say "Somebody give me a cigarette—I can't rehearse without a cigarette," and that remark placed him for the more knowing of us as a person who wanted to appear professional—as professional as Willie Fay would let him be. There would be some sort of rehearsal. In the way of Dublin people we took time off for talk: Yeats would read and comment on some piece an apprentice poet showed him, or he would tell us of the Rhymers' Club in London that he belonged to with characterizations of members—Lionel Johnson and Ernest Dowson among others. "A doomed generation," I heard him say. He was getting away from such coteries. He was then shedding the 1890s mode that is apparent in some of the "Mythologies." With the wisdom that was assuredly his, he was striving in the theatre for what he termed "a more manful energy."

The Society reached the goal of its hopes. There was an actual theatre, the remodeled Abbey, whose first presentation was Yeats's "On Baile's Strand." It was the great moment of the poet's leadership. There in the stalls were all Dublin's intelligentsia; there in the pit and gallery were the men and women of the fervent movement that would become Sinn Fein. At the curtain call the poet appeared on the stage with all his notable distinction: tall, fittingly dressed, a blue-black lock of hair across his forehead, mannered, and now uplifted by the sense of a great plan realized, he spoke, using Edmund Spencer's lines, "Be bold. Be bolder still. Be yet more bold . . . But not too bold."

—P. C.

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ture and the straight line . . . but is better described as the Mark of Saint or Sage." He could see the image when his visionary faculty was put to work, but he was no seer. He mistook his reveries for speculation. But what is important for his poetry is that he could pass from reverie to vision.

> And then I passed beyond these forms which were so beautiful that they almost ceased to be, and having endured strange moods, melancholy, as it seemed, with the weight of many worlds, they passed into that Death which is Beauty herself, and into that Loneliness which all the multitudes desire without ceasing.

This is nothing else than the corniness of the 1890s. And then when we read "The Tomb," which is about alchemy and the rose, we see all these vapors solidify into the gold of poetry: "Pour wine and dance if manhood still have pride / Strew roses if the rose be still in bloom." We read "Take off that mask of burning gold / With emerald eyes," and we realize that with the curious speculation about the self and the antiself there goes a passion that can become poetry. What a mind this was that ranged all the way from folk belief and pseudo-metaphysics to a poetry that flashes with some startling abstraction! Amongst all the queerness in the later pages of the "Mythologies" are insights that become wisdom.

> Active virtue, as distinguished from passive acceptance of a code, is therefore theatrical, consciously dramatic, the wearing of a mask. . . . Wordsworth, great poet though he be, is so often flat and heavy because his moral sense, being a discipline he had not created, a mere obedience, has no theatrical element.

Slow Journey Into Murder

***"The Daughters of Necessity," by Peter S. Feibleman** (World. 317 pp. $4.50), is an enigmatic story, infused with the brooding atmosphere of its setting in the deep South. Paul Darcy Boles, short-story writer and novelist, recently won the Friends of American Writers's Award for "Parton's Island."*

By Paul Darcy Boles

PETER FEIBLEMAN's second novel is a slow and haunted journey into murder—murder of soul by possessive love; murder of heart by familial pride; final murder of the flesh. The protagonist in the drama is Edmund Choate, around whose first and second wives and particularly his daughters, Adrianne and Loris Licia, the web is spun. The Southern river-city of the action is also an actor, brooding, oppressive, and spell-binding, by turns seething hot and icy.

Melpomene Drive could be Government Street in Mobile, Alabama (though the author claims it is unique, unlike any other street in the world). Louisiana, Alabama, it makes no difference. The atmosphere is here, intensified for purposes of wondrous subtlety and visionary skill. Readers who enjoy "a nice easy story" are hereby warned. Here is immense cleanliness of purpose with compassion and freshness of a high order and obscurity that is never wilful but the honest result of stretching as far as it is possible to touch gold.

And the gold is here, too, of a dozen varieties. Under the purring current of a silken style are monsters and devils and—for those who dig for the last rare ounce—rewards of belief in the nobility of the spirit. To those critics whose favorite phrase is, "But the cards are stacked" the only possible answer is, "Read it again; read it carefully." Yes, the cards are stacked as Faulkner used to stack them, sky high, so that something imperishable in the face of human agony could, by anyone willing to see it, be perceived after the last, worst card was played.

Peter S. Feibleman — "immense cleanliness of purpose."

Disturbing, puzzling, decadent? The first two, certainly; and don't let that last one disturb you. Decadence here is in the eye of the beholder. Forgiveness and majestic love in the unromantic, impeccable sense are also here. As for the disturbance and puzzlement, do, please, give this artful legend a chance. Like anything new, it cannot be absorbed in three hours or three days. In a certain sense it is as old-young as a painting by Marc Chagall. It takes time before the beautifully placed colors and meanings fall into position in skull and spirit. Once there, they will add to your mortal substance.

The story, almost unrecountable, can scarcely be unfleshed and stripped to condensed form. It is not a plot; it is a dark charm which winds up full to the finish. Meanings hang beneath meanings: what, precisely, does it mean to be a father? A husband? A lover? The pretty "homemakers" and "counselors" of our world have immediate answers; this book has none, but although the questions are never explicitly asked, they ring in its waiting air. Could Loris Licia, the mute one, the waiter-in-the-wings, tell you? She could, but not in glib words. Could Adrianne, the favored and slowly smothered daughter, answer that? Not until long after the book, that has a continuing life, is over. Could Edmund tell you? From the grave, at long last, he probably could.

Fantasy and symbol, unmanipulated, implicit, are present as well. So is elegance; a nice antidote to Kerouac and others. So is great pity, controlled, without weeping. And these people—Edmund Choate, Anne, Silvana, Adrianne, Loris Licia, Aunt Clothilde, Jergen Wilson—all have lasting truth that moves from the page. "The Daughters of Necessity" is a brave, resonant, tragic, and burning book.

THE WORLD OF MR. B.: It is always a pleasure to read a new book by Paul Hyde Bonner. The contents will have little, if anything, to do with the world as we know it, yet the lure of vicariously participating in the world of Mr. Bonner is certain to cause one to relax and enjoy the evolutions of the author's fantasy.

"The Art of Llewellyn Jones" (Scribners, $4.50) could be termed a do-it-yourself manual on how to change your name, personality, background, attachments; in short, cut yourself off from whatever life—and wife—might

(*Continued on page* 50)

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Rule of Law in a World of Strife

***"The West in Crisis," by James P. Warburg** (Doubleday. 192 pp. $3.50), criticizes the failures of the free world and makes concrete proposals for resolving the major problems facing the Anglo-American alliance—with which our critic is in almost total agreement. The Right Honorable Arthur Henderson, Q.C., M.P., has been chairman of the British Parliamentary Group for World Government since 1951.*

By Arthur Henderson

"THE WEST IN CRISIS" is a penetrating analysis of the dangers and ills that beset our civilization. Mr. Warburg has marshaled his case clearly and succinctly in a survey that is large in range and in scope. He was right, however, to anticipate that "the reader may perhaps feel that the emphasis throughout [his] study lies somewhat too heavily upon Western failures." Overemphasis was perhaps inevitable since the proclaimed main thesis of his book is that, while the external threat exists, "the mortal danger to Western civilization is not the enemy without but the enemy within the gates." It is, I believe, only possible to make a partial assessment of causes and effects when the field of survey is so delimited.

I agree with Mr. Warburg's view that we are no nearer to peace than we were when World War II ended and that the specter of World War III looms over the human race more anxiously now than at any time since 1945. But I think there are grounds for believing that in the East as well as in the West there is a clear recognition of this peril, and a corresponding desire to reduce and even to remove this threat of mutual disaster.

Mr. Warburg states that "the Western policy of nuclear deterrence assumes that the risks of nuclear war are preferable to any substantial further expansion of the Sino-Soviet orbit. Underlying this assumption is a tacit belief that race suicide is preferable to a Communist conquest of the world." I do not accept that Western policy is founded on any such tacit belief. On the contrary, the proclaimed and accepted aim of Western nuclear-deterrence policy is to deter—to deter Communist military aggression; and so long as it achieves that purpose, so long as both East and West respect the other's possession of the power of devastating destruction, it not only prevents World War III, but provides a breathing space for constructive statesmanship and world public opinion to do something about rescuing humanity from the threat of immeasurable disaster.

It is, in my judgment, because this precarious nuclear equipoise has been reached that there may now be a better chance of finding political agreements by negotiation that will lead the world through disarmament to a secure and peaceful future. An agreement at Geneva to ban all future tests would, I believe, not only help greatly to relax international tensions, but would also facilitate other agreements on political problems and on disarmament.

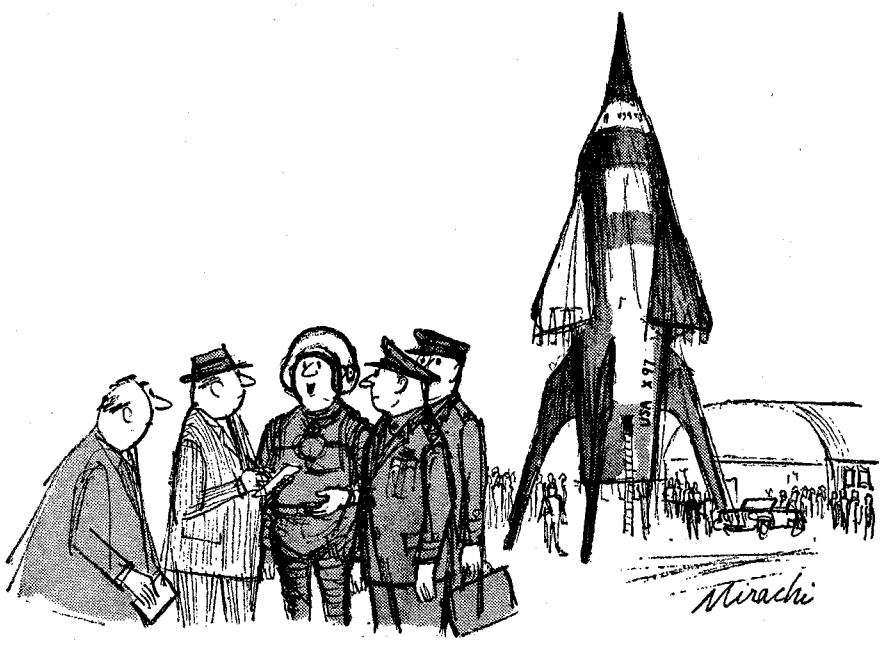
Mr. Warburg puts his finger on the heart of the problem when he asserts that "a world which fails to establish the rule of law over nation-states cannot long continue to exist." It is the nation-states collectively which must establish the rule of law and which must be prepared *individually* to submit themselves to the rule of law. As Mr. Warburg states, war can and must eventually be abolished altogether through total universal disarmament enforced by a world authority responsible for the maintenance of world peace.

THE author deals frankly and forthrightly with mistakes, shortcomings, and missed opportunities which form part of the history of Western policy in the postwar years. It is important, in my view, that policy be reappraised from time to time, and that involves analysis and self-criticism.

However, Mr. Warburg is not content simply to criticize. He is positive and constructive, and he puts forward a series of concrete proposals for resolving the major problems facing the Anglo-American alliance in Europe, the Middle East, and the Far East.

He suggests, and I am in complete accord with him, that there is urgent need for an Anglo-American policy directed at coming to terms with the Chinese revolution. He recommends a liberal trade policy towards Japan and the provision of aid to Southeast Asia—especially India—to prove that it is not necessary for Asian peoples to adopt Communism in order to achieve satisfactory social and economic progress. In the light of my personal knowledge of India, Pakistan, and Burma, I can only stress the wisdom of such a policy.

With respect to the Middle East and North Africa, Mr. Warburg holds that Britain and the United States must recognize that it is impossible to fight both Communism and Arab nationalism. Indeed, in my opinion,



"In many ways they're far advanced over us. They've wiped out disease, there's no such thing as poverty, and war has been eliminated. But they've got a nasty parking problem."

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there should be no question of fighting Arab nationalism or, I would add, African nationalism or Asian nationalism. The road to internationalism lies through nationalism, and what is regarded as good for Europe and the American continent cannot be basically bad for the Middle East or Africa or Asia. Moreover, it should always be recognized that fundamental human rights must be enjoyed in common with all races, and this necessitates the elimination of racial discrimination.

There is no good reason why we should not come to terms with Arab nationalism and seek to reach an agreement with the Soviet Union to leave the future of the Arab world in the hands of the Arab peoples, free from external pressures or manipulations, and with all economic assistance stripped of political overtones. And we should work for the peaceful integration of Israel within the area. These are lines of policy which have been urged time and again, both in Britain and in America, and they provide the hope of a settled and progressive Middle East.

Again, with regard to Europe, I find myself in complete accord with Mr. Warburg. Without some form of disengagement it seems to me futile to expect the Russians to agree to the ending of German partition. German reunification must be a stage-by-stage process, and any scheme for disengagement would have to provide for stage-by-stage progress. These are two aspects of one problem and it ought to be possible to devise a plan for parallel stages of advance. Mr. Warburg mentions some of the elements that would be involved in working out the practical details of such a policy. The Western governments and the Soviet government are familiar with them. What one hopes is that the Foreign Ministers' Conference at Geneva and the subsequent summit conference will succeed in making progress towards the realization of these related aims. To achieve them would provide one of the major developments in the direction of peace.

In dealing with another sphere of human relations, Mr. Warburg argues strongly for a deeper and wider acceptance of moral law and of the highest standards of citizenship. Many of the ills to which the author draws attention flow from the materialism of the present age, and it will be a difficult and herculean task to remove them. There is no short cut.

Mr. Warburg's book is both a challenge and an inspiration to all those who are concerned to create a better and more peaceful world.

The Terrain of Today's Statecraft

"Diplomacy in the Nuclear Age," by Lester B. Pearson *(Harvard University Press. 114 pp. $2.75), projects, in this series of published lectures, the tasks of the Atlantic world coalition. Senator John F. Kennedy evaluates them for us.*

By John F. Kennedy

IN THE diplomatic history of the free world since World War II the name of Lester Pearson has many entries. Still in full vigor as leader of the Opposition in Canada, Mr. Pearson's stature cannot be assessed for another decade. Yet already "Mike" Pearson has been the chief architect of the Canadian foreign service, probably unequaled by any nation; he has been a brilliant ambassador and foreign secretary; he has been a central figure in the growth of the Atlantic Community and NATO, even while taking a leading role in the shaping of the United Nations. In diplomacy he has always been the guardian of good sense and has enjoyed the confidence of very many nations. So also he has been a superb interlocutor between the realms of statesmanship and scholarship.

These lectures (delivered as the second in the William Clayton series at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy) do not break much fresh ground and lack the cut and thrust that characterized Mr. Acheson's lectures on a similar theme in inaugurating the Clayton lectures a year previous. But, if less pungent, Mr. Pearson's lectures—as well as the Nobel Peace Prize Lecture he delivered in 1957—have at least equal wisdom and perhaps a greater immediacy in projecting the tasks of the free world coalition. He shares several of Mr. Acheson's critiques—the perils of giving our policies a false moralistic gloss, the dangerous ambiguities of a military policy grounded merely in nuclear deterrence, the increasing barrenness of NATO achievement in the political and economic sphere, the open wound in the Formosa Straits, the hidden dangers and deceptions of impulsive negotiation and summitry such as we showed in Geneva in 1955.

Mr. Pearson's main concern, however, is with the tools and methods of diplomacy. He makes no simple plea for traditional diplomacy. Rather he attempts to map out the varied terrain of modern statecraft. Though he expresses a strong preference for the professional diplomat and distrust of public diplomacy, he realizes full well that we cannot return to the traditions of a Lord Lyons, who served in Washington for more than five years late in the nineteenth century "without ever having made a speech, or, perhaps what is even more startling, ever having taken a drink." But he is rightly convinced that a diplomatic corps must reflect trained minds adept at observations and reportorial accuracy and that it should be as free as possible of the pressures of publicity and "front" activities such as cultural and ideological promotion. Negotiation remains the unifying core of diplomatic method.

But Mr. Pearson is not content to rehearse the rules of classic diplomacy. He also discusses the requirements imposed on diplomacy by NATO and the U.N. Furthermore, he argues convincingly that in NATO we have shuttered diplomacy and not permitted NATO to gain the political ascendency and unity that were intended in Article II, of which Mr. Pearson was the leading exponent in 1949 and in the intervening years. "Coalition diplomacy" and collective action in NATO require not merely policy clearance and routine exchange of views but the machinery for policy-making.

IN MR. PEARSON'S judgment the Common Market in part reflects the inability of NATO to find the kinetic energy necessary for a political alliance and is an unwelcome and divisive new form of economic nationalism within the Atlantic world. By our failure to give NATO powers of political decision we have also lost opportunities outside the Atlantic area to raise the economic standards of the less-developed nations, whose weakness and sluggish growth in turn impose increasingly greater strains on NATO itself.

Finally, Mr. Pearson, himself a former President of the General Assembly, touches on the nature of effective diplomacy in the United Nations. Here the representative has a double task: to plead by traditional diplomatic means the interests of his nation but also to take part in a great

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educational seminar. New issues such as the control of atomic energy or outer space deserve open exploration and exposition in the U.N., but political arrangements should remain largely subdued and guarded.

Mr. Pearson shares Mr. Lippmann's fear that the U.N. has become too much the forum for the ventilation of acid and acrimonious grievances and too little the mechanism for the quiet accommodation of disputes by negotiation or preventive treatment. The General Assembly has not served well enough as a theatre of reasoned debate, nor has it been able to strengthen the means by which disputes can be headed off—chiefly through the creation of a permanent U.N. Emergency Force with earmarked contingents from the small and middle powers. Neither for private negotiation nor for public clarification has the U.N. been at the best service of diplomacy. There is both too much frenzy and too much contrived controversy in the conduct of the United Nations. Unfortunately, these thoughts deserve more sustained discussion than Mr. Pearson can give them in this short volume.

While recognizing the inherent advantages and strengths of a totalitarian system in pursuing foreign-policy objectives, Mr. Pearson still sees that dictatorship has disadvantages: the need for it to be almost constantly "on the stretch" and the tendency for its leadership to become isolated from public opinion and public support. Democracy does have reserve strength and an ability to rise to great occasions, even if its average performance may be rudderless.

The most important reminder in Mr. Pearson's lectures is that the international "competition" is a competition of alliances. Russia's allies are acquiescent, silent, and bludgeoned, while ours are often outspoken and critical. Yet precisely in this fact lies the demonstration of the values enshrined in a free system. In crisis we tend to find unity and strength from our alliances. Debate and even disagreement turn out to be safety valves, while for the Russians its satellites in time of crisis are sources of anxiety, uncertainty, and trouble. The test of a free alliance, such as NATO, is it can seize its opportunities before it must act under the compulsion of deep crisis or disaster. This is precisely the stage at which the NATO alliance has now arrived after a decade. From Mr. Pearson's pages we receive renewed assurance that diplomacy need not be a mere exercise in futility and that there are alternatives for action in international affairs beyond an inquest into failures.

THE REJECTED

Heart of a Passionate Dilemma

"W. E. B. DuBois: Negro Leader in Time of Crisis," by Francis L. Broderick *(Stanford University Press. 259 pp. $5), and* ***"Crusader Without Violence: A Biography of Martin Luther King, Jr.," by L. D. Reddick*** *(Harper. 243 pp. $3.95), personify the colored man's quandary: whether to fight hate with hate or with love. Carl T. Rowan, a staff writer for the* Minneapolis Tribune, *is the author of "Go South to Sorrow" and "The Pitiful and the Proud."*

By Carl T. Rowan

AT THIS crucial juncture of history, when racial passions circumscribe so much of the hope of mankind, there are many who pray that American Negroes, in settling their own destiny, can help lead the world to racial sanity. White Americans who share this hope ought to read these two books, for they spell out in stark detail the complex, frustrating forces that weave and warp the minds of Negro leaders.

To most of white America, William Edward Burghardt DuBois and Martin Luther King, Jr., are two peas from the same pod—just two Negro spokesmen crying aloud in that old wilderness of racial segregation. These biographies make it clear that except for race and for their mutual dislike for the heel of the white man, DuBois and King are not at all alike.

DuBois is an old man whose cup of racial bitterness runneth over—a nonagenarian brooding out his last days in a desperate admiration of things Russian and an irreconcilable hatred of things white American. King, a mere thirty, is a bright new intellectual general in America's racial wars, unique in that he offers the refuge of love to those who might follow DuBois down that forlorn trail of bitterness.

The contrast between these two leaders goes to the very heart of the Negro's dilemma—and perhaps to that of a Western world trying to establish rapport with the emerging masses of Asia and Africa.

Will the long-dominant white man respond to the colored man's campaign of love, compassion, of turn-the-other-cheek-in-the-face-of-provocation? Can the Negro, through passive resistance, so shame the advocates of white supremacy, so thoroughly prick the consciences of America's white power structure, that an age-old citadel of color caste will crumble? Dr. King thinks so.

—*From "Crusader Without Violence."*

Martin Luther King—"refuge of love."

—*Wide World.*

W. E. B. DuBois—"trail of bitterness."

OR MUST the Negro meet white racialism with black racialism, white arrogance with black arrogance, white chauvinism with black chauvinism? Must the Negro's peaceful efforts to find dignity and equality in a predominantly white society forever crash in frustration, pushing sensitive, articulate Negroes toward rejection of Western political institutions and virtually all that they stand for? Dr. DuBois thinks so, and no doubt would point to his tragic, fantastic life as proof.

Yet, as one reads Mr. Broderick's

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excellent, scholarly biography of one of the most amazing American personalities of the century, one cannot help but wonder how different might be the Negro's fate, how altered the hearts and minds of white America, had Will DuBois himself been less the haughty, arrogant aristocrat, a little less the irascible black racist.

MARTIN Luther King brings to his mission a belief in the power of religion to move men; DuBois brought an open contempt for organized religion. The Montgomery pastor seems to know the difference between being courageous and being pugnacious; DuBois never did.

While Professor Reddick's book lacks depth and too often rambles too far away from the subject, it does show that Dr. King has tact and a sense of public relations—and that he believes that through a campaign of love white men can be imbued with a sense of good will, even for black men.

In the present American mood of "moderation," many will be quick to rationalize that DuBois is an "extremist" who did more harm than good and that Dr. King's tactful, moral approach is what was needed all along. The sum impact of Mr. Broderick's book is this warning: W. E. B. DuBois has spent seventy adult years in the racial wars, seeking to make a pact of dignity with the white man; Martin Luther King has been in the front lines less than half a decade.

Mr. Broderick's biography, which is remarkably free of prejudices generated by Dr. DuBois's latter-day flirtations with the Soviet Union, ought to leave white America with this one thought: white America will determine whether the Montgomery preacher's visions of love-force crash on the same rocks of despair as did the programs of Will DuBois.

It is disturbing to wander through seven decades of this Negro scholar's life, watching the cancer of racism nibble away at his proud soul, ultimately to push him into the camp of the Communists, whom he had lashed so mercilessly only thirty years earlier.

Will DuBois had come to believe that even enlightened white Americans preferred an accommodating Negro who bowed in everlasting gratitude for small favors to one who stood manly and made demands. He had concluded that "the price you must pay to earn your living in America is that of humiliation and inferiority," that "politicians and capitalists deliberately cultivate race prejudice for their own ends."

In moments of exasperation, DuBois even urged Negroes to return violence for violence. "If we are to die, in God's name let us perish like men and not like bales of hay," he cried after a bloody lynching at Coatesville, Pa., in 1911. Later, after a Florida lynching, he asserted that such atrocities would cease "when the cowardly mob is faced by effective guns in the hands of people determined to sell their souls dearly."

We have heard these cries echoed recently by Negroes exasperated over a Mississippi lynching and a Florida rape, but Negro leadership—to which Dr. DuBois now has relinquished every claim—insists that the Negro will not resort to violence.

The Negro leaders who reject Dr. DuBois's counsel in this respect (men like Dr. King and Roy Wilkins of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) have succeeded in making the American Negro the most patient and peaceful of all the world's oppressed people. Yet, even these leaders must recognize the truth in one of Dr. DuBois's angry conclusions: that there is no "royal road" to the Negro's emancipation—"It lies rather in grim, determined everyday strife."

Because the stakes are so great today for all mankind, one puts down the DuBois biography with a passionate hope that the strife will be neither so grim nor so daily as Will DuBois expects. And one cannot escape the concomitant hope that love can—indeed, *will*—be the powerful, saving force that the young man from Montgomery thinks it is.

The Sin of Mental Apartheid

"The Racial Problem in Christian Perspective," by Kyle Haselden *(Harper. 222 pp. $3.50), and* ***"Christians in Racial Crisis," by Thomas F. Pettigrew and Ernest Q. Campbell*** *(Public Affairs Press. 196 pp. $3.50), bare the deepest wound dealt the Negro: his ostracism from the white House of God. Robert Root, head of the religious journalism program at Syracuse University, is the author of "Progress Against Prejudice."*

By Robert Root

DURING the 1957 school crisis, several Negroes in Little Rock were turned away when they attempted to attend a white church service. An out-of-state writer observed that perhaps they "mistook this church for the House of God." That wry critique points up one of the keenest ironies of the contemporary race struggle. While integration advances in restaurants, factories, and even schools, the real citadels of American segregation are sororities, fraternities, country clubs—and the churches.

Deploring that, the Reverend Kyle Haselden, a Charleston, W. Va., Baptist pastor, hurls scathing words at the unbrotherly brotherhoods. He writes from a background of eight South Carolina generations in a style that is fresh, vigorous, and warm without sentimentality. And he views the Christian church not as the mere acquiescent victim of racism but as creator of sinful segregation.

According to Mr. Haselden's documented account, churchmen in slave days purposely taught Christianity to Negroes as an opiate. To this day the stereotyped "good Negro" has only the docile virtues of his faith. Ironically, when the Negro gets Christian vigor, whites say he is "uppity" or under an alien doctrine, rather than that "the Gospel has borne its fruits in him."

One of the wisest parts of the book is the middle section of diagnosis. Mr. Haselden defines discrimination as unjust interference with a man's right to *have*, and asserts that government must act to assure this right. In spite of Sumner, stateways do change folkways; he points to the success of school integration in West Virginia, where officials supported the law, in contrast to Arkansas, which had Faubus.

Stereotyping, which interferes with a person's right to *be* as man and individual, represents a white attempt to make the Negro vanish. Segregation is denial, on irrelevant grounds, of the right to *belong*. Negroes may be willing to settle for "having" without "belonging." But he warns that the real racial danger of the age is probably in spiritual alienation, in "mental apartheid."

In his specifically Chris-

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tian interpretation, Mr. Haselden is controversial but stimulating. He has faint praise for social science, grounded in Lockean optimism about blank-slate human nature, and for the egalitarian theories of existentialists and humanists. Writing out of the fashionable emphasis on original sin, he sees racial hostility as one expression of the "primary instinct" of aggressive self-will. He goes so far as to say: "Apart from faith in [Christianity's] God all talk of human dignity and equality is ultimately unsupportable."

Elsewhere, however, he writes that he does not presume to bind the divine spirit. "There are Jews like Martin Buber, Hindus like Gandhi, and multitudes of little people in whom self has been, not crushed and subdued, but transcended and transformed." God visits even atheists. Still, one is confronted by the age-old question why God-like love sometimes turns up more wondrously outside than inside the institutions that think they have their fingers solidly around it.

THIS question of the lack of grace among churchmen rises again in a study of the Little Rock ministers, "Christians in Racial Crisis," by Thomas F. Pettigrew and Ernest Q. Campbell. During the school turmoil a handful of these (including a rabbi) had prophetic words like Mr. Haselden's, but the majority give weight to his thesis that the church refuses to clash with race patterns.

Historically, the sectarians (*e.g.*, Quakers and Mennonites) emerged as lower-class visionaries and perfectionists. In Little Rock, ironically, the modern sects, while Biblical and lower-class, are die-hard segregationist. The saving remnant has been in the old-line churches, onetime sects gone ecclesiastic.

Professors Pettigrew and Campbell classify twenty-nine ministers. Fourteen of them, while generally favoring integration, took little action on it; they were older men in small churches. Another seven, averaging about fifty years of age, were influential preachers in high-status churches; but after the first days of crisis, they were cautious. The authors place much of the blame on rock-ribbed pillars.

Heroes of the crisis were eight "innovators" who pressed for support of school integration. Most of them were Southern-born and, hopefully, most were in their thirties. Sadly, however, several of them have since been pressured out of churches in Little Rock.

Both these books make sober reading. Still, last spring the Little Rock ministerial group voted 42-1 to support STOP in its drive to replace three racist members.

Manifesto from Johannesburg

***"Hope for South Africa," by Alan Paton** (Praeger. 94 pp. $2.50), sees in the Liberal Party a means to forestall revolution in favor of "massive evolution." To this the South African-born novelist Peter Abrahams, author of "Wild Conquest," takes some exception.*

By Peter Abrahams

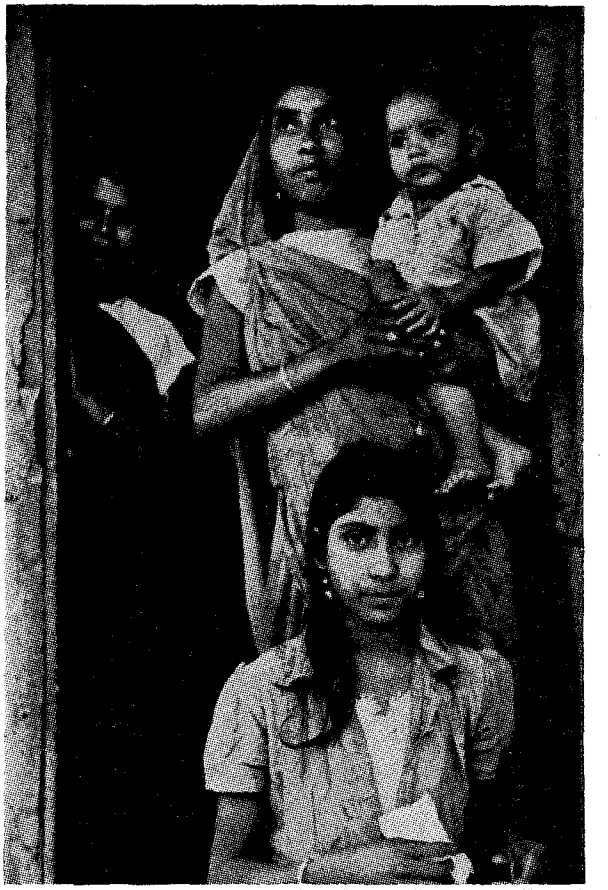
THIS book can fairly be regarded as the political manifesto of the Liberal Party of South Africa. And yet there is an element of unfairness in describing it as such. It is at once more preoccupied with people than with theories and programs and less of a stirring call to action than political manifestos generally are. It is too long and discursive for a manifesto and not long enough for a really searching exploration of what hope there is for the future of South Africa. Nevertheless, it is a very serious and sincere attempt to think a way through the ugly racial situation that is South Africa today.

Mr. Paton feels, and I agree with him, that it is impossible to understand what is happening in South Africa today without understanding something of the history that went into the making of the country. So he devotes almost half his book to a rapid historical survey. In the main, his account is straightforward, factual, and concerned with explaining the human experiences and motives that went into the shaping of certain patterns of action. He is particularly good at making us understand the pathological fear of being "swamped" which haunts white South Africans in general and Afrikaners in particular.

Every so often, however, Mr. Paton slips into the kind of language that has led African intellectuals—especially the more radically inclined members of the African National Congress—to be suspicious and critical of him and his Liberal Party. One such example occurs in his account of the events at Blood River in 1838 when

> [Piet] Retief and his whole party were slaughtered by the king, who promptly sent 10,000 warriors to the encampment and killed all who were there, at a place thereafter to be called Weenen, which name means weeping. The trekkers found a new leader in Andries Pretorius, after whom Pretoria was named. On December 16, 1838, after having vowed to God to keep the day holy if He would give them victory, Pretorius humbled Dingaan's armies at the battle of Blood River. It is said that three Boers were slightly wounded, but that 3,000 Zulus were slain.

The African National Congress black intellectual's reaction has been, and will be again, if he reads this book: Less than 100 men are "slaughtered" because they are white; but some 3,000 are "slain" because they are black. There are a number of such little



—"South Africa in Transition" by Dan Weiner (Scribners).
A family of Merebank, Durban, South Africa.

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hints of "a white bias" scattered through the book. But this is no more than human. If the book had been written by a black South African, even a black member of the Liberal Party, there would have been at least an equal number of hints of "a black bias." This, it seems to me, is one of the points at which any segregationist society does its most terrible damage: neither the segregationists nor those at the receiving end are ever completely aware of the subtle distortion of a clear human vision that comes into being and affects all the citizens of such a society.

Thus, even Alan Paton, one of the finest South Africans, gets a little lost on values in this book and implies that there are still human rights to be entrenched and defended in South Africa today, which he puts forward as a reason for not cooperating more fully with the South African Congress of Democrats, a more radically inclined organization. Also, his knowledge of the nonwhite organizations such as the African National Congress, the South African Indian Congress, and the Non-European Unity Movement, and their interaction on each other, is obviously limited. His comments on the African National Congress are superficial in the extreme. Like the Indian National Congress of India before independence, the African National Congress is more than a loose political body with three factions: into it are channeled all the hopes and dreams—social, cultural, religious, political—of a dispossessed and denied people.

Mr. Paton is quite clear in his belief that the Nationalists have so rigged parliament that it is now impossible to defeat them at the polls. Yet Liberals he says, must put up candidates for parliament. But the Liberal Party is an inter-racial party in which all members will, presumably, have an equal voice. Here equality within the party immediately falls away. The white members of the party are able to vote, able to stand for a parliament that denies the black members of the same party both the right to vote on the common roll and to stand for parliament. Mr. Paton's justification is that this is necessary if the Liberal Party is to carry the message of liberalism to the white voters. This is a feeble justification in the eyes of any African.

Mr. Paton's Liberal Party is a noble attempt to turn back the evil day in South Africa, as is its hope to forestall a revolution in favor of what he describes as "massive evolution." Started two decades ago, it might have been the hope for South Africa. Today it is, I fear, too late to avert the terrible explosion that is in the making.

THE HAZARDOUS SEA

Old Salt, New Subs, and Movie-Dick

"Blow the Man Down: A Yankee Seaman's Adventures Under Sail," edited by Warren F. Kuehl *(Dutton. 255 pp. $4.50),* ***"Give Me a Ship to Sail," by Allan Villiers*** *(Scribners. 312 pp. $4.95), and* ***"Challengers of the Deep," by Wilbur Cross*** *(Sloane. 258 pp. $5), bring sprays of the brine into the sandy cabaña. Joshua Slocum's biographer Walter Teller serves as their convoy.*

By Walter Teller

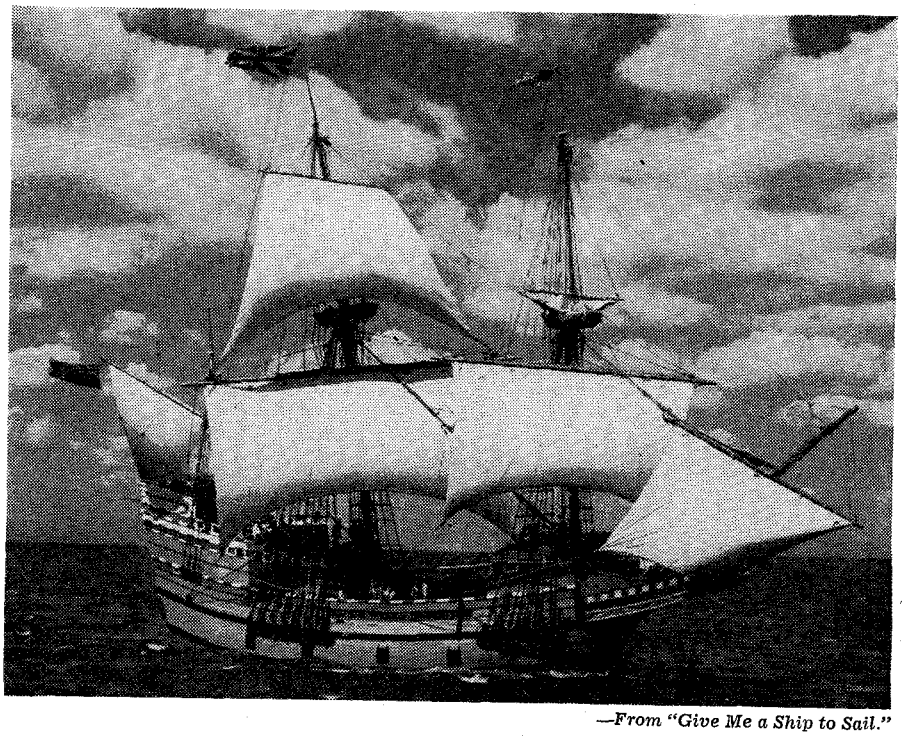
HERE is a divergence of sailors and writers: a late nineteenth-century Massachusetts man who sailed before the mast, sank into oblivion, and is now resurrected; a mid-twentieth-century master mariner up from Australia, and perhaps the last man left in the business of skippering square-rigged ships; and one who isn't a sailor-writer at all, but a photographer-public relations fellow with a research staff and a timely story.

Warren F. Kuehl's title, "Blow the Man Down!," is so bad he needs two subtitles to explain: "A Yankee Seaman's Adventures Under Sail" and "An Autobiographical Narrative Based Upon the Writings of James H. Williams." In his preface he explains how he knocked this prefab together.

Seems that while going over papers of Hamilton Holt, onetime president of Rollins College and former editor of *The Independent* magazine, Mr. Kuehl, an associate professor of history at Mississippi State University, lighted on a "weathered" manuscript. This turned out to be the work of James H. Williams (1864-1927), born in Fall River but colorful as a Gay Header, for he was a light-brown, red-haired Negro who had worked a lifetime as foremast hand on British and American windjammers. Actually, the ms. was Williams's revision of some thirty articles which he had written years before and which Holt had edited and published. So what we have in "Blow the Man Down!" is a composite effort: by Williams, who wrote the separate pieces; Holt, who rewrote them, and Kuehl, who fashioned them into a book.

Williams says his main concern in writing was "to draw public attention to the injustices and unnecessary hazards to which seamen have always been exposed." And certainly he ac-

(*Continued on page* 31)



—From "Give Me a Ship to Sail."

The Villiers-captained *Mayflower II* arriving in New York harbor, July 1, 1957.

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Tale of Two Exhibitions

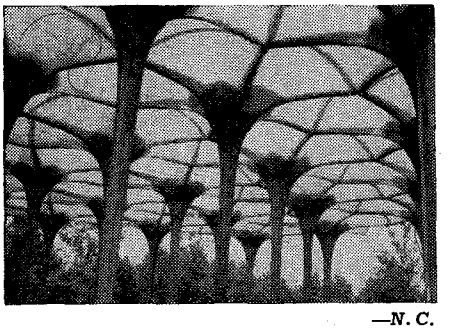
THE AMERICAN Exposition in Moscow may lack the scope and elegance of the U.S. Pavilion at Brussels World's Fair last year, but it may be just what the doctor ordered in the USSR.

Begin with architecture. Russian architecture tends to be formal, squat, somewhat spiritless. This is not solely the result of the need to build quickly, durably, and functionally because of the devastation in the Second World War. Traditionally, Russian architecture has leaned to the massive and conservative. The revolutionary drive didn't quite carry over into many of the creative arts, particularly in architecture and design. The daring use of glass, light-weight structural materials; the sense of openness and the clear, unimpeded lines—all these characteristics of modern construction are largely absent from Moscow.

Against this setting, the American Exposition is more than an innovation; it is an explosion and a shower of sparks. For it brings to Moscow revolutionary ideas in structure, materials, and design. The main exposition building is dominated by the plastic, prefabricated dome—a vast, igloo-shaped golden semisphere made of octagonal plastic units that admit natural light. A contrasting supplementary building emphasizes straight lines and a glass front. Two outdoor exhibits take place under large plastic canopies resting on tulip-like props.

It is possible, even likely, that there will be some snickering in Moscow at the unusual nature of the general architecture. But it is even more likely that Soviet citizens will regard the buildings for what they really are—a daring and imaginative use of design and building materials to open up new dimensions in architecture. For it is not true that the average Soviet citizen has no interest in fresh ideas or outside viewpoints. One of the most significant facts that emerged for me as the result of my trip was that there is a genuine hunger for contacts with the outside world and for an exchange of ideas. The American college students—and there were hundreds of them—in the USSR this summer, attracted large crowds wherever they went because they knew how to engage in responsible and stimulating give-and-take about life in America and what they had observed in the Soviet Union.

Apart from the Exposition buildings themselves, the American display in Moscow has its main emphasis on everyday life in America. It is not flashy; it is done in good taste; it attempts to communicate rather than to overwhelm. Some of the features reflect a concern for values. The "Family of Man" exhibition under the direction of Edward Steichen, for example, is a powerful point of identification between Americans and the rest of the world and should do much to remind viewers both of the nature of the American mixture and the desire of millions of Americans to pursue their interest in the human situation.



—N. C.

Outdoor canopy for the "Family of Man" exhibition at the U.S. Exposition in Moscow.

This aspect of the American Exposition—the human aspect—is especially significant in terms of the emphasis given by the Soviet Union to its Exposition in New York.

The Soviet exhibition features its vast new industrial capabilities, its jet planes, its automobiles and tractors and trucks, its hydro-electric power installations, its state farms. True, the life and habits of the individual are not ignored in the fair; far from it. But the major theme has to do with energy and a vast industrial forward thrust.

By contrast, the American exhibition focuses on the individual citizen—how he goes shopping, how he has his hair cut, what the inside of his home is like, what he does for work and what he does for fun. In short, what everyday is like for many millions of people who live in the U.S.

The difference in emphasis between the two exhibitions indicates more than an apparent reversal of popular or even historic roles. It is a significant reflection of trends and values. It has portents for the future.

The Soviet Union today has become first and foremost a productivity enterprise. The need to be strong has created the need not merely for armaments but for all sorts of electrical and nuclear power, and for the tools that can turn out the lathes, the machine parts, and assembly belts. For the Soviet Union is convinced that its future as a nation, rather than as an ideology, depends on its ability to be pre-eminent as a producing economy. Three specific goals are involved: first, producing for internal prosperity; second, producing for the world's markets on an effective and competitive basis; and, third, producing for economic aid to other nations.

All this would seem to suggest that a nonmilitary showdown is looming in the world. The United States, however, seems prepared for every eventuality except the one that is likely to confront it. It is no longer adequate to think of American security in military terms. It is not even enough to think in terms of increased productive capacity and economic aid, though both are critically essential. Our security depends on imagination, on our ability to work with ideas, on our skill in making vital connections with people, on our success in helping to transform a world geographic unit into an interdependent society. The kind of vision that went into the making of the U.S. Exposition in Moscow is a happy hint of what is needed. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BOXCARS

I THINK YOUR Mr. Ciardi has been duped. And I feel badly let down.

Of course I haven't seen the material that was to have appeared in the winter number of *The Chicago Review* [*SR* June 27], but I did see the previous issue and if there was literary merit in some of its pages there were also a number of pages that were shocking in precisely the way certain short, nasty words are when these are chalked on the side of a boxcar or building.

As a Trustee of the University of Chicago I know Chancellor Kimpton very well. I doubt that he told Editor Rosenthal any of the things Mr. Ciardi reported in his "The Book Burners and Sweet Sixteen."

Be that as it may, Rosenthal and his witless friends were required to stop publishing obscenities that no university could condone in a student publication. Intellectual freedom was not at stake. The objection was to some specific printed lines that Mr. Ciardi failed to quote in his impassioned discussion.

Just so, I wonder how these can be all right for the University of Chicago magazine when they are not all right for *Saturday Review*.

FAIRFAX M. CONE.

Chicago, Ill.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And remember on that last crusade—how those oriental spices upset your stomach."

WHO SAID WHAT

SINCE MY EDITORIAL, "The Book Burners and "Sweet Sixteen," it has become clear that some of the material from which I quoted was in error. Chancellor Kimpton, I now believe, did not make the remarks attributed to him and I offer him this statement as a sincere apology for having passed on a misquotation. I have not been able to determine why he should have been so misquoted.

I must add in fact that the further I look into the history of this suppression, the more confused the case seems to be. The one central fact seems to be that the University did suppress the magazine, but all of the unofficial and semi-official statements made to date seem either implausible or self-contradictory. *SR*'s central premise is that we take all censorship to be serious and consequential. Should the University of Chicago, through one of its official spokesmen, care to make a clear statement, *SR* will be happy to print it, subject only to reasonable space limitations. We hope the University of Chicago will join us in viewing the matter seriously, and that it will accept this invitation to clarify the record.

JOHN CIARDI.

SAUK CITY'S LITERARY VALUES

APROPOS JOHN CIARDI'S stimulating piece on the *BIG TABLE* controversy, it seems to me that he missed a point in the matter. I am as much opposed to censorship as he is. But the fact remains that the refusal to allow the publication of the material by Kerouac and Burroughs in a magazine sponsored by the University of Chicago is a matter of discretion not censorship. I am afraid that a thousand Ciardis could not make "Old Angel Midnight" or "Ten Episodes from 'Naked Lunch'" anything of literary value; and the exclusion of such material from the *Chicago Review* seems to me unmistakably the exercise of an obligatory discretion on the part of those who excluded it. The Kerouac and Burroughs material in *BIG TABLE #1* does not even have the literary merit of an average pulp-magazine story or that kind of weary entertainment afforded by the true-confession periodicals, and the average newspaper story, with its occasional misuse of language, is vastly superior to it. I am opposed to censorship of the magazine, however; I am still of the opinion that if there are people who believe that they are party to any profound literary revelations when they read bilge like this by Kerouac and Burroughs, they ought to be allowed to do so. The faculty overseers acted properly in removing these contributions from under university sponsorship, but general censorship is another matter.

AUGUST DERLETH.

Sauk City, Wis.

THE EDITOR RUNS THINGS

I WAS PLEASED that Mr. Ciardi defended *BIG TABLE #1*, against the charge of obscenity. However, it seems there are too many experts on the "suppression" of the *Chicago Review* and on the relations of *BIG TABLE* to the *Review*.

The staff, including the six resigned editors, elected me by a vote of fifteen to two. Therefore, I would like to make the following statement:

BIG TABLE has been publicized most effectively at the expense of the *Chicago Review*. I wish it could stand alone without the help of the *Chicago Review* and publish its second issue.

I accepted the editorship under the condition that neither the Chancellor of the University nor the Faculty Advisory Board would have editorial control over the *Chicago Review*. As the editor, I decide what to print. That is the way it shall always be.

H. W. PAK,
Editor.

Chicago, Ill.

LOST IN THE TRANSLATION

PITY THE POOR translators! When one renders a translation of Jean Cocteau which "cannot be recommended to anyone" his name gets mentioned [*SR* July 4]. But the excellent translators of Father R. L. Bruckberger's "Image of America," recommended by Mr. Hicks to "be widely read," go unmentioned [*SR* July 11].

They are Virgilia Peterson and Gouverneur Paulding. Together they have given full measure to the obligation urged by Gide that "every serious writer owed his language at least one translation."

PHILIP W. BUCHEN.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Rhythms and Ruins (Also Recordings) in Rome

ROME.

IF "NEW YORK is a summer festival" what is Rome? No hotter, certainly, with a rhythm of life that evades the worst of the warmth by calling off work in the hours celebrated by Nöel Coward as only for mad dogs and Englishmen (the midday strollers here are likely to be Americans) and a sense that the past is at least as important as the present. It has an "unfinished" Colosseum to shame New York's finished one, with a Lido at least as close as, and more spacious, than Jones Beach.

But as music lovers know from Respighi's "Feste Romane," there are festivals all year round, not merely in summer; and if Rome doesn't boast of them, it is a product of the quiet assumption that everybody can find something to interest him here, no matter what that interest may be. This is, of course, a city primarily for the eye, but the ear can find much to absorb it, not only in the artless music of the fountains, but also in the artful kind produced by bows and strings, voices, and percussion.

There is, even, to make a New Yorker feel thoroughly at home, a local form of Stadium concerts. They take place in the Stadio di Domiziano al Palatino, where the orchestra of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia performs under the direction of visiting conductors. To make the evening complete, one might dine beforehand on the Piazza Navona, one of Rome's most beautiful squares (for all that it is rectangular), the site of the original Stadio di Domiziano. The one on the Palatine Hill behind the Colosseum is a rectangle of much the same size, with a spacious stage across one narrow end. It takes the place, in Rome's summer musical life, of the arrangement formerly contrived nearby in the Basilica of Maxentius which, being on a main thoroughfare, had a fair share of noise from the *motoscooter* and other vehicular traffic. The hilltop situation of the Stadio di Domiziano escapes this, though it cannot escape latecomers who crunch its gravel paths or the airplanes that make an unscored accompaniment for outdoor music from Aspen to Aix.

Of itself, however, it makes for as romantic a place for listening to music as this or any other Romance city can provide. On the evening of my visit, the conductor was Max Rudolf, now of Cincinnati, who honored the locality with Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" Overture, proceeded with the suitable strains of Beethoven's "Pastorale" Symphony before providing a jolly conclusion with Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" (preceded by Respighi's "Rossiniana"). This sequence of music is, of course, more a test for the conductor than it is for the orchestra or the audience. If there were Cincinnatians in the audience, they should have felt a glow of pride for the sound results achieved by Rudolf. New Yorkers would have found little reason to doubt that Stadium concerts are much the same the world around.

ANOTHER reason for visiting a notable landmark is provided by the Balletto Classico of L'Istituto Nazionale per Il Balletto, which is performing nightly during these weeks of July in the Ninfeo di Villa Giulia. This is a delightful formal area within the grounds of the spacious Villa Giulia on the far side of the Borghese Gardens. The open, collonaded ends of the horseshoe-shaped courtyard make a perfect setting for the stage (towered over by typical pines) on which the company of twenty-five, or so, performs.

With or without ballet the surroundings provide a superior reason for enjoying the soft air of the Roman evening elsewhere than at a café table. There are generous intervals during the evening in which to visit the notable Etruscan display in the Villa's museum. These make up, to a degree, for the limitations of the dance company, composed of what appears to be a student corps, plus principals of professional stature. Recorded music is used throughout, with results that bordered on the tedious in a treatment of Ghedini's "Architettura," with choreography by Rosanne Sofia-Moretti, who also danced a principal part.

This ambitious disaster did not promise much for the bill to follow, but a rearrangement of the printed program next presented "La Commedia dell'Arte," in which the aptitudes of the ensemble were much better realized. In this mixture of movement and music, text, and gesture (created by Mario Corti Colleoni) the young people capered through the age-old scenario with a facility as much inherited as acquired. Meanwhile, the older element led by Elio Pandolfi, an able actor who spoke the text brilliantly, made a disarming thing of a form of entertainment, which can be either artistic or artificial. Thanks to apt direction, colorful costuming, and a lively performance by Sofia-Moretti as La Cortigiana Rosaura, the traditional patterns were reborn. Given a few years for development of a corps, and enlargement of the repertory along the distinctive lines of "La Commedia dell'Arte," this company could, conceivably, go places (such as London or New York). But it needs stronger supporting material than "Fête" (to Handel) or "Evocazione Etrusca," for which Colleoni also provided the music. It would, moreover, need better production, live music, and liver performance than it presently enjoys. Unfortunately, it cannot take the Ninfeo di Villa Giulia along, but it could, conceivably, be duplicated on a back drop.

FOR those who prefer the combination of orchestra, ballet, and spectacle which spells Opera, there is that customary feature of the Roman summer evening called Teatro dell'Opera delle Terme di Caracalla, or opera in the baths of Caracalla. Thousands can be accommodated in the stadium-style seating erected in the amphitheatre of these ancient baths, with a repertory that ranges from "Lohengrin" to "Carmen," "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto" and "Tosca" and "Aïda." Unquestionably, the best reason for going to the baths is to see the massive production of "Aïda," in which the Amneris of Adriana Lazzarini is a well-regarded specialty. "Tosca" with Stella and Tagliavini, "Lohengrin" with Marcella Pobbe (the repertory of this span of days) are hardly sizable enough for the surroundings.

Certainly the best music to be heard in Rome this July was at the Opera House, where "Turandot" resounded with Birgit Nilsson, Renata Tebaldi (Liu), Jussi Bjoerling, and Giorgio Tozzi responding to the exacting baton of Erich Leinsdorf. Admission—for those fortunate enough to be admitted—was gratis, courtesy of RCA Victor, which is busily engaged in adding this score to its recorded catalogue. What the totality is like only the end product will tell. But, on the evidence of her recent Isolde in the Vienna Opera, her Donna Anna in last month's recording there of "Don Giovanni," and the current Princess Turandot, there is every reason to regard Nilsson as THE singer of 1959, whether in Rome or elsewhere.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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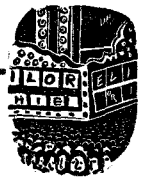

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

All in Fun

IT IS difficult to get Frank Capra to talk about film technique. He would rather talk about people, and the nice, or funny, or stupid things they do which, in his opinion, can become the basis for a successful movie scene. To hear him tell it, the famous Capra "touch"—the "touch" that made "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" among the more endearing memories of the Thirties—is in fact not a touch at all, but a way of seeing, a way of sensing relationships with the camera. If his people are in harmony, he feels, nothing can keep that good feeling from coming across on the big screen.

"A Hole in the Head" (United Artists), the first Capra film in almost a decade, is so full of happy, tender, and affecting moments as to suggest an atmosphere of utter euphoria throughout the entire shooting. Adapted by Arnold Schulman from his own play, its comedy is built around the efforts of an irresponsible, irrepressible hotelkeeper to hold onto his third-class Miami hotel. His practical brother would like him to give it up and go into a respectable business—with an assist from an attractive widow with an equally attractive bank account. But his little boy loves him just as he is, even if he does have "a hole in the head." The man goes on dreaming, scheming, and betting on the long shots until forced to face reality. Then he still plays the long shots.

What turns this slender springboard into a heart-warming entertainment is the superb cast that Capra has assembled to make it all work. Frank Sinatra, who has been charming the birds off trees for two decades now, produces just the right blend of cynicism and sentiment to create an appealingly reprehensible hero. His relationship with his son, little Eddie Hodges, is especially affectionate. Edward G. Robinson and Thelma Ritter, with broad Italian accents and gestures, provide the film's funniest moments as Sinatra's brother and sister-in-law—loving, sympathetic, but genuinely appalled by his outrageous doings. And there is a memorable portrait by Keenan Wynn as a hard-boiled buddy of Sinatra's, who has made it in the big time.

"A Hole in the Head" is a bit slow getting started. An overly cute, overly sentimental song has been plunked into its middle to remind us that both Sinatra and Eddie Hodges can sing. But the rest of the time, it is Capra at his very best—which means that you are pulling for his people every foot of the way.

* * *

"It Happened to Jane" (Columbia) is a comedy in very much the same vein, but sadly lacking the Capra flair for building farcical situations upon a firm foundation of credible human beings. Jane is Doris Day, a plucky Maine-lander who does battle with the railroad that ruined a southbound shipment of her lobsters. Jack Lemmon plays her rather dim-witted fiance and legal advisor, Ernie Kovacs is the fierce, cigar-chewing railroad president. They shout at each other, throw things, and all but knock themselves out to keep alive a plot whose ending is visible from the first reel.

* * *

Presumably **"The Man Who Understood Women"** (20th Cent.-Fox) is also intended as a comedy. At least, there are a number of genuinely witty lines and situations, plus some bright cinematic touches that establish story points with oblique humor. But almost immediately the point of view begins to waver. What starts as a satire on Hollywood begins to take itself very seriously, stumbling into melodrama at one moment, bogging down in romance at the next. Adapted from Romain Gary's "Colors of the Day," it tells of a genius-type movie director (Henry Fonda) who brings an unknown (Leslie Caron) to stardom, marries her, and promptly suspects her of affairs with every man she meets. Obviously, this material would lend itself to several styles. Equally obviously, Nunnally Johnson—a man who seems to regard the belch as the epitome of humor—never quite made up his mind which style he wanted.

* * *

In **"The Big Fisherman"** (Buena Vista), a three-hour adaptation of the Lloyd C. Douglas Biblical best-seller, the people of the New Testament are made to rub elbows with the like of John Saxon, Susan Kohner, and Ray Stricklyn, home-grown teen-agers who affect the robes, if not the accents, of first-century Arabia. The plots and subplots are so numerous that the conversion of Simon (Howard Keel) into Peter seems merely incidental to getting Princess Fara out of the clutches of the wicked Herod and safely back to her Prince Voldi.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Music Composed and Conducted by
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See Classified, Page 36.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

By George

WE COULD scarcely have been more patriotic than to have journeyed as we did this year to Washington for the Fourth of July weekend. With the crowds we edged our way down to the grass arena that had been arranged around the apron of the Washington Monument on the big night, and while a searchlight played purple lights on the white shaft we listened to a Navy band blowing its lungs out with flutes and coaching horns. Unfortunately, the melodies were strangled by an over-zealous amplifier, which strained the ear drums and twanged the nerves nearly to the point of no return. Full-lunged citizens of the new states orated on the glories of Alaska and Hawaii with no better results. Thankfully, a more dexterous technician was at the controls when Miss Elaine Malbin stepped to the podium to sing a romantic ballad called "This Is My Beloved," from the musical comedy "Kismet." The music and Miss Malbin's pleasant pipings echoed across the field filled with Washingtonians in summer shorts, Indians from the embassy in saris and shirt sleeves, and an awesome number of awestruck tourists from almost anywhere. With the fall of darkness the first rocket rent the sky, followed by an almost unending string of bursting fireworks and some wingless sparklers as well that outlined the territorial limits of Alaska and the eight islands of Hawaii, no mean trick. Adults *aahhed* audibly, kids *oooohed* audibly, and some frightened youngsters broke into fits of hysterical tears and cried, "Daddy take me home." Altogether, it was a perfect Fourth.

No spectator came through it more stoically than the Washington Monument itself, which seemingly never wavered, although in a thirty-mile wind it has been known to move at least an eighth of an inch. Only the night before, we had been escorted to its dizzying heights, a total of 555 feet above the limits of earth-bound Washington. Had the original plan been carried out, a design that had called for a rotunda of columns surrounding the shaft at the base, we would have been required to mount to a height of 600 feet above the city. As it was the view was stupendous. Through the portholes, screened to thwart the intent of those who would destroy themselves on the sidewalk below, we could look off to the Jefferson Monument and the Tidal Basin of the Potomac, the Lincoln Memorial and its long reflecting pools in front, and over-all to the maze of lights of Washington, a city that has doubled its population since the recent war.

Since the Washington Monument had always been there during all the period of my awareness, I had somehow developed the notion that it had been planted shortly after George's demise from a strep throat in 1799. It shook me to discover, as I rode upwards in the new elevator inside the memorial which is equipped with a public-address system, to discover that although the Continental Congress had the idea in 1783, the monument was not opened to the public until October, 1888. The cornerstone was never laid until 1848, and although work progressed favorably upward until 1854, the monument became bogged in a political quagmire at the 153-foot level and stayed that way for twenty-five years. It took an act of Congress approved by President Grant, long since home from the wars, to get work going once more, and in 1880 workmen began placing new blocks of Maryland marble on the old base that had lain dormant so long. The slight difference in the tone of the old stone and the new can be noticed even today. Additional commemorative stones have been placed inside the stairwell culled from such historic sites as the Parthenon at Athens, the ruins of Carthage, and the original tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena, but these will only be seen by those who take the free walk up or down. Those who ride pay ten cents see no stones, but get a canned talk on the way. Walking and riding, over a million people visit the monument every year.

Those who come to the shrines built in honor of Jefferson and Lincoln must draw their inspiration from the sculptures of the men themselves and from their famous words that are engraved on the marble wall. Says an inscription in the Lincoln Memorial:

> In This Temple
> As in the Hearts of the People
> For Whom He Saved the Union
> The Memory of Abraham Lincoln
> Is Enshrined Forever

Lincoln sits, deeply pensive, in the sculpture by Daniel Chester French, in a great rectangular building supported by thirty-six columns, one for each of the states that were in the Union in Lincoln's time. His marble eyes look out through the open columns to the reflection pools that stretch from his feet, to Washington's shaft, and beyond in a true line, to the Capitol itself. It is a technique of design that is reminiscent of the Arc de Triomphe, the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, and the Petit Carousel in Paris, as well as the monuments laid out by Lutyens in New Delhi. Engraved in the wall on Lincoln's right is the Gettysburg Address, to his left his Second Inaugural Address, which begins, "With malice towards none. . ." Although a raucous Virginian on my bus refused to mount the stairs "to look at Lincoln," some 15,000 people of all nations had filtered through the white portals this day of the July Fourth weekend. Easter brings 30,000 a day and the annual figures have been averaging a million to 1,800,000 people a year for the last ten years.

TOWARDS the end of the reflection pools that stretch away from the Lincoln Memorial, a large round Tidal Basin balloons out from the Potomac forming a watery release for potential floodwaters, and providing a handy place for Washingtonians long at their work-a-week desks to stretch their legs by driving pedal boats over the placid waters. The Tidal Basin also offers a splendid pool for the cherry trees, 3,000 of which were originally sent to Washington as a gift of the City of Tokyo. Although only 600 still remain of the trees planted during President Taft's regime, their impending blossoming each spring is an event as anxiously awaited in the nation's Capitol as the arrival of Christmas elsewhere in the nation.

The location of the Jefferson Memorial on the south banks of the Tidal Basin could scarcely have been better chosen. Exactly across the edge of the Tidal Basin from the Washington Monument, the Jefferson Memorial has a long view to the back of the White House. From here Franklin Roosevelt could watch the progress on this, a favorite Presidential project. Congressional authority to build a monument to Jefferson came in 1934, and working with Governmental speed, ground was broken in 1938, the cornerstone laid a year later. The memorial was dedicated in 1943.

In the hall, fashioned along the general lines of his self-designed homestead at Monticello, stands the handsome figure of Jefferson, nineteen feet tall, a soft yellow light falling on his shoulders and the collar of his coat. Around the inner rim of the dome is his deathless legend, "I Have Sworn Upon the Altar of God Eternal Hos-

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tility Against Every Form of Tyranny Over the Mind of Man." On the walls are four panels that synthesize the Jefferson philosophy, and to this day would be a useful reminder to the men who fill the Congressional seats in the Capitol Building just down Maryland Avenue.

> We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. . . .
>
> Almighty God hath created the mind free. All attempts to influence it by temporal punishments or burthens—are a departure from the plan of the Holy Author of our religion.
>
> Commerce between Master and Slave is despotism. Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free.
>
> As new discoveries are made, new truths discovered and manners and opinions change, with the change of circumstances, institutions must advance also to keep pace with the times. We might as well require a man to wear still the coat which fitted him when a boy as civilized society to remain ever under the regimen of their barbarous ancestors.

Later we took the ride down Maryland Avenue, passed the statue of U. S. Grant in his slouch hat in front of the Capitol, heard that it cost $240,000. We saw the statue of Garfield, heard that there is one of Huey Long on display inside. Washington himself took part in the ceremonies of the cornerstone laying on September 18, 1793. The Senate Chamber, first to be finished, opened in 1800, the south wing for the House of Representatives seven years later. The British partially burned the building, still unfinished in 1814, and when the fire damage was repaired, the place finally opened in 1827. Now it is under construction again, as laced with scaffolding as a teen-ager with a mouthful of braces. Eisenhower was on hand recently at a new cornerstone laying using the trowel that Washington did in 1793.

One sunny afternoon we slipped over the bridge to the Arlington Cemetery, which we had seen so many times in the newsreels. By 1970 its 407 acres are expected to be totally filled with military dead. Ten to twenty burials take place each day. Over 100,000 have already been laid to rest, among them some of the nation's famous names. Some 4,715 have no names at all—the unknown dead of the wars. We watched the precise changing of the guard that takes place every hour in front of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the sergeant marching out with his young, handsome, immaculately groomed charge, posting him for an hour's walk, night and day around the clock, through the years. Somehow the faces I had seen marching in front of the Mausoleum in Red Square seemed the same, young and stern and handsome. To the outward eye only the uniforms were different.

WE ROLLED back to town past the airport where a few evenings before we had slipped in aboard a National Airlines DC-7 in some fifty minutes out of Newark. A cab had driven us without ever leaving the rolling greenery, straight into the big sprawling Shoreham Hotel at the very edge of Rock Creek Park. Thirty years before the Shoreham had opened its doors, and down from New York "by aeroplane" as one paper reported it, came Rudy Vallee and the Connecticut Yankees to play on the terrace for the opening-night crowds. The crowds were still there and so was the terrace. The ladies danced now to another band led by a boy who was a toddler in Rudy's day. They wore an assortment of foreign stoles and Spanish scarves and Oriental silks that were a collection, or it seemed to me, of gifts brought back by their far-traveling Washington men. The night blew cold, a phenomenon for July in Washington.

The next day the Washington weather arrived with the sun. In the back of the Shoreham alongside the pool with its colored fountain, so big a show in the late Twenties, was a new and more useful pool for a more pragmatic age. This was for swimming, and was about to open as a natural augmentation to the Shoreham's new Motor Inn, a block of 100 rooms, all of them with two double beds for traveling families, all of them for rent at $17 a day and all the pool you can swim in.

On a Sunday afternoon we drove out to Alexandria and so down to Mount Vernon to stroll over the grounds of the man who started it all. Down the hill in their tombs lay George, dead in 1799 at sixty-seven, Martha in 1802. What had Chateaubriand said? "The name of Washington will spread with liberty from age to age." I thought of it later that night as our homebound plane circled the city that had been named for him; and the idle ruminations stayed with me like the lingering taste of an incisive movie until we had floated to earth again in the swampy flats of Newark.

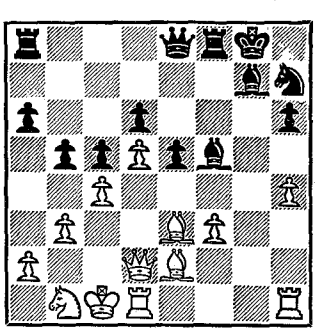
—HORACE SUTTON.

Chess Corner—20

THE International Chess Congress at Zurich, Switzerland, is over. Of the sixteen competitors, the Soviet Union's Mikhail Tahl finished first with 11½-3½. His only loss was in the first round to a Swiss entry, Edwin Bhend. Of the remaining fourteen games, he did not lose a single one. Yugoslav's Svetozar Gligoric was second with 11-4, followed closely by USA champion, Bobby Fischer, and international Soviet ace Paul Keres at 10½-4½. High hopes for the sixteen-year-old American were entertained at the end of the thirteenth round, when he and Tahl were deadlocked. Fischer, however, bowed to Swiss master Dieter Keller in the penultimate round, and finally drew with Tahl at the end. The youthful Fischer has been making great strides in his chess pursuits. He has encountered the redoubtable Soviet players on a number of occasions, and has yet to lose a game. In the above event, he downed Keres after some tortuous 80-odd moves. Below in a game from the event, Fischer outpoints grandmaster Fridrik Olafsson of Iceland in one of the early rounds.

KING'S INDIAN DEFENSE

	Olafsson	Fischer
	White	Black
1	P-QB4	N-KB3
2	N-QB3	P-KN3
3	P-Q4	B-N2
4	P-K4	P-Q3
5	N-B3	O-O
6	B-K2	P-K4
7	P-Q5	QN-Q2
8	B-N5	P-KR3
9	B-R4	P-R3
10	N-Q2	Q-K1
11	P-KN4	N-R2
12	Q-B2	N-N4
13	P-KR3	N-B4
14	O-O-O	B-Q2
15	P-B3	N-R5
16	NxN	BxN
17	P-N3	B-Q2
18	B-B2	P-QB4
19	P-KR4	N-R2
20	B-K3	P-QN4
21	N-N1	P-B4
22	NPxP	KNPxP
23	KPxP	BxP
24	Q-Q2	.....



Each side is skating on thin ice.

24	.....	P-K5	33 BxB	RxB
25	QR-N1	KPxP	34 PxP	N-B3
26	BxRP	R-R2	35 N-Q2	P-B7
27	BxB	RxB	36 R-R1	P-K5
28	RxRch	KxR	37 K-Q1	P-K6
29	B-Q3	PxP	38 N-B1	R-K4
30	R-N1ch	K-R1	39 K-K2	N-R4
31	Q-B3ch	Q-K4	40 P-Q6	N-B5ch
32	QxQch	PxQ	41 K-B3	P-K7
			Resigns	

—AL HOROWITZ.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Mr. Menotti's Expensive Hobby

ROME.

FROM the window of a comfortable Alitalia DC-7C you get a thrilling panoramic view of the Olympic Games installations being readied for next summer's spectacle. Most impressive of all the buildings and stadiums is the new Sportspalast, designed by Italy's great modern architect, Luigi Nervi. It is a superbly dramatic building, a sort of giant theatre-in-the-round that challenges participants to give large and superior performances.

While the Olympic Games will be Italy's most dramatic attraction, theatregoers who arrive too early for the games will be able to use their time to advantage attending the third Festival of Two Worlds at Spoleto, less than two hours from Rome by train. This festival, staged in a primitive town on a rugged Italian mountain slope, is unique in many ways.

Not only is it dedicated to demonstrating to Europe the creativity and vitality of young American talent, but because it is also a festival in which the artist is himself the producer, there is no constricting necessity to please officials with propagandistic efforts or to make everything into a smash hit.

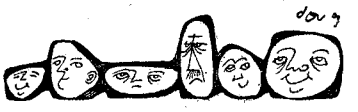
This season's efforts, a sample of which was televised on the Ed Sullivan Show, included a revue titled **"Album Leaves,"** directed and partially written by twenty-two-year-old Steven Vinaver, whose "Diversions" was seen off-Broadway last winter, and new plays by William Inge and Tennessee Williams.

The Inge play, **"The Tiny Closet,"** is a short work about a psychopath whose harmless but secret vice is to keep a collection of ladies' hats. When this is discovered by a vicious landlady, it creates a crisis that the usually temperate writer resolves with violence. It is well performed by two Actors Studio stalwarts, Arthur Storch and Vivian Nathan. But the more ambitious play is Tennessee Williams's **"The Night of the Iguana."** When the playwright first sent the manuscript to director Frank Corsaro, it too was a short play. But new drafts began arriving by mail until by opening night it had reached ninety minutes and was still growing.

The play has interesting characters: T. Lawrence Shannon, a handsome and alcoholic tour guide; Judith Fellows, a lesbian tourist out to destroy him because he has slept with her girl friend; and Mrs. Faulk, a widow hotel-owner in Mexico, who would like to keep Shannon for her personal use. In contrast to these corrupted ones are two romantics, Il nonno Jelkes, a "ninety-seven-year-young" poet; and his granddaughter Hannah, who paints. And unseen under the porch is tied a desperate captive iguana, which is being fattened for slaughter.

In the course of the play, Shannon at Hannah's request frees the iguana but is himself caught by Mrs. Faulk. And yet the play is not completely negative for at the end the poet composes a poem he has been trying to write all his life. In it the poet envies the stoicism of a tree, which past its zenith, uncomplainingly faces decay and destruction from "the earth's obscene corrupting love." Mr. Williams's final stanza asks, "O courage, could you not as well / select a second place to dwell? / Not only in that golden tree / but in the frightened heart of me?"

Shannon is excitingly played by Patrick O'Neal, and Rosemary Murphy brings compassion and beauty of spirit to the role of Hannah. But "The Night of the Iguana" is a mood play rather than a drama of suspense and action. In its present production, it is iridescently beautiful but seems at times a little slow-moving. Perhaps this is because it is on a proscenium arch stage. For this is a



Williams work in the same category as "Camino Real" and "Summer and Smoke," and like them would benefit from being presented on an open stage.

Nevertheless, these two plays made a fine evening of bold and original drama and also provided Italian audiences with a sample of the sort of acting that Actors Studio encourages. Composer Gian-Carlo Menotti, who runs and singlehandedly raises the money for the festival from American foundations, the Italian government, and other sources, feels that the battle to establish the festival has now been won. He admits that running it takes time away from his composing, but suspects he might otherwise use up the same amount of time on less worthwhile hobbies. Mr. Menotti finds that his greatest satisfactions come from the generosity of his artistic colleagues, who donate material and services for a nominal return, and from the townspeople of Spoleto, who at the end of the first year lifted him and Jerome Robbins on their shoulders. He detests the task of raising the $350,000 the festival costs each year, and vows he will not do that part of the work again. But none of his associates take this threat seriously because they know he cares too deeply to allow this project to dwindle.

—HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ONCE MORE THE LITERARY PHILATELIST

Unlike the prophet, the poet is often honored in his own country. The following postage stamps were issued to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of either the birth or the death of a national bard. Mary S. Bryan of Ibiza, Baleares, Spain, asks you to assign the proper poet to each of these commemorative issues. Answers on page 50.

1. Belgium 1955
2. Brazil 1951
3. Bulgaria 1948
4. Czechoslovakia 1952
5. Finland 1934
6. Hungary 1949
7. Iceland 1935
8. Ireland 1949
9. Norway 1945
10. Rumania 1950
11. Russia 1952
12. Sweden 1946
13. Turkey 1940
14. Yugoslavia 1953

( ) Christo Botev
( ) Mihail Eminescu
( ) Matthias Jochumsson
( ) Namik Kemal
( ) Alexis Kivi
( ) Jan Kollar
( ) J. C. Mangan
( ) Sandor Petofi
( ) B. Radicevic
( ) Sylvio Romero
( ) Esaias Tegner
( ) Emile Verhaeren
( ) Henrik Wergeland
( ) V. A. Zhukovsky

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The Sea

Continued from page 23

complishes this. Sailing ships in his time, from about 1880 to 1910, were too often undermanned, ill-found and ill-equipped as masters and owners economized to try to meet the competition from steam. Some of the toughest conditions of all were encountered as the age of sail closed down. Anyone with a concern for the subject will find much of interest in "Blow the Man Down!," for Williams, who called himself a "common sailor," was a labor leader and organizer of seamen, as well as a writer. His and Holt's efforts doubtless helped shape the course which led to the needed La Follette Seamen's Act.

This is fine. Where Mr. Kuehl goes wrong is in overrating his man as a writer. The style of the book is affected and imitative, the opening words inartistically patterned on Melville. Here they are: "Behold: I am an Ishmaelite . . ."

Alan Villiers knows "Moby Dick," too, and it is the subject of the opening chapters of "Give Me a Ship to Sail"; not Melville's "Moby Dick," however, but John Huston's. It was Alan Villiers who commanded Huston's abominable *Pequod* as she beat about in the Irish Sea (pinch-hitting for the Pacific Ocean), though as Villiers writes, "It was really Mr. Huston who was Ahab."

Villiers, author of fifteen or more books of sailing adventures—mostly his own—can write. Good-naturedly, he recounts the absurd Moby Dick movie business and does not let it upset the dignity of his position.

> Do they want to drown my sailors? I have too much canvas up. The ship drives alee. The miss-rigged and ill-balanced little brute, product of a nonmaritime art department and a trawler yard at Hull, will not stay properly hove to. . . . She drives towards the Strumble Race.
>
> "Too dangerous," I say.
>
> "Excellent," says the director. "Look at that glorious life in the sea!"
>
> "Life!" I say. "That's death! Haul down the inner jib! Brail in the spanker!"
>
> "Don't move those things," screams the continuity girl, a persistent female now looking wildly aloft. "They're established in this scene!"

From expensive farce Villiers shifts to a simple scene, the Maldive Islands, whence he traveled after the war in search of a beautiful brig he had heard of. And he found her—but too late. She never would put to sea again.

Villiers captained *Mayflower II*. He tells of this in the second half of his book. Now he is fifty-five. Where, he asks, can he find him a ship to sail, not a fore-and-aft rigged yacht, but a vessel square-rigged and ocean-going?

"Challengers of the Deep" (another contrived title) tells a different sort of tale of the sea, a popular history of submarines written by a man with no true intimacy with the subject. The writing shows it. "But even so, Ramage's position was being scorched by heavy automatic-weapons fire, enough so that he kept getting madder and madder at the Japs all around him and refused to leave the bridge under any circumstances."

But suppose one doesn't much care how the book is written. Does Mr. Cross have the dope on underwater boats? Yes, so far as I know. He has made investigations, not only among records of submarine-makers and Navy, but also among submarine commanders.

He begins the story with David Bushnell, Yale undergraduate and designer and builder of the *Turtle*, which made a submarine attack on the British in 1776. His sketches of great men of submarines, John Holland, Simon Lake, Hyman Rickover, are informative and sometimes amusing. There is a good account of Sir Hubert Wilkins's attempt a generation ago to sail under the ice pack and over the Pole. And, of course, Mr. Cross retells the famous disasters, sinkings of the S-51, S-4, S-5, *et cetera*.

When Simon Lake fitted out his craft with wheels in order to tool along the bottom (as one learns from "Challengers of the Deep"), he did so because he saw it as a vehicle for adventure. But most of his customers, Russian, German, and American, recognized in it another potential. Now nuclear-powered submarines rule the seas. Civilian possibilities? Mr. Cross thinks no. The public, he says, doesn't really like them. Perhaps it is not for nothing that our submarines are named for queer fish: *Sculpin, Skate, Squalus*. As a matter of fact, Squalidae are sharks—than which there are few things more feared and hated by sailors.

ARSON? MURDER?: In one sense the fire aboard the S.S. *Morro Castle* in 1934 was one of the best-reported sea disasters of modern times. The cruise ship burst into flames within sight of the New Jersey resort coast on the night of September 7th, and the next day, gutted and abandoned after a melodrama of cowardice, error, and mischance, she beached alongside the boardwalk at Asbury Park, almost under the windows of the Convention Hall pier, from which a radio announcer described her ordeal to the world. But in another sense the disaster was poorly reported. Thomas Gallagher, in **"Fire at Sea"** (Rinehart, $4), has uncovered what contemporary witnesses, newspapers, a board of inquiry, and several court trials never even hinted at: the fire was probably set by an arsonist, the captain may have been murdered a few hours before, and the probable culprit was the "hero" of the accident, Chief Radio Operator George Rogers. Here is a narrative that goes far beyond the limits of the *genre* of "A Night to Remember." The author has done some original detective work in discovering that Rogers had a criminal record starting at the age of twelve and spanning his time on the *Castle*, ending with a life sentence for murder in 1953, that he was a psychopathic personality, and that he had considerable interest and knowledge in the methods of arson.

Mr. Gallagher is convinced that he has solved the mystery of the *Morro Castle*, and he makes a very impressive case. He has not only woven scores of stories of individual heroism and bungling into a fascinating tale of disaster at sea, he has dramatically shown Rogers's involvement in events before and during the fire, and implied, by quotations from the literature of criminology and psychiatry, explanations of those actions that fit the hypothesis that the radio operator was responsible for the fire. This gives a whole new point to the story.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 841

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 841 will be found in the next issue.

EARGRERHB HGARCH GFL

GALL KQ MKGF

ENGLACRTTNAH NSX

MTKHHKBH.

—AREFGLA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 840

A crank is a little thing that makes revolutions.

—ANON.

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Warren

Continued from page 14

members of the Cabinet, three members of Congress, three high diplomatic officials, and two Attorneys General of the United States. Chief Justice Warren's long service as public prosecutor and as Governor amply mark him as fully up to the standard of qualification which had been maintained for 152 years before his appointment.

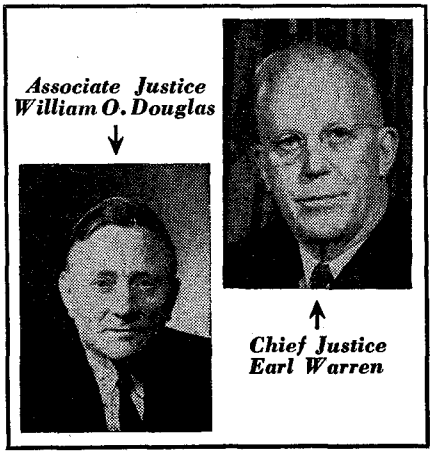
In recent years complaint has been made that the Court is usurping a lawmaking power. Also that it is making it impossible for the states to check subversive activities; that it is driving us away from a federal union of states assuring the rights of individual men, toward an autocratic, centralized government in which the rights of the individual are lost. It will be seen by the reflective reader that these complaints do not make a consistent whole. Those who believe in an omnicompetent government and those who not less firmly believe in a minimum of government, those who believe in a centralized polity and those who believe in local independence and home rule, agreeing on nothing else, agree in denouncing the Supreme Court. It is worth while to consider the controversial decisions, both those attacked from the economic and political Right and those attacked from the Left, taking them up, as in the book, in chronological order.

Controverted decisions upon interpretation and application of constitutional provisions cannot be discussed intelligently apart from the conditions of fact out of which they arose and to which the judicial pronouncements were directed. Moreover, courts, under our constitutional system, have much more to do than to apply rules—precepts prescribing definite detailed consequences to definite detailed states of fact. For example, such a rule is: "A person charged in any state with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice and be found in another state, shall be delivered up to be removed to the state having jurisdiction of the crime." (Constitution of the United States, Art. IV, §2, ¶2.) They must also interpret and apply principles—starting points for reasoning, without laying down definite detailed states of fact as the basis of reasoning nor prescribing details of consequences when the starting point has been interpreted.

Take, for example, the principle laid down in the XIV Amendment: That no state shall "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." It requires no expert examination of the law in order to find that a man, charged with treason or felony, has fled to another state, nor to interpret the provision as to rendition of the fugitive. But it required an elaborate opinion, in which the Supreme Court of the United States and the Supreme Court of California reached an opposite result, to determine whether an ordinance of San Francisco giving municipal authorities power to regulate laundries, with no regard to legal exercise of discretion, deprived Chinese temporarily in the United States of equal protection of the laws. (Yick Wo *v.* Hopkins, 118 U.S. 356.) To put the difference in another way, it takes one section, in all half a page, of a standard student's textbook to expound the rule, but sixteen sections, thirty-nine pages, to expound the principle. Misunderstanding of judicial decisions arises from assuming that a principle announces a rule to be interpreted and applied as such.

What is most timely and will prove most useful to the general reader is publication in convenient form of opinions of Chief Justice Warren in eleven cases which are currently criticized. In four of them he wrote the opinion of the whole Court, in three the opinion of a majority of a divided Court, in one he was one of four dissenting Justices, and in one he was a sole dissenter. These opinions have to do with equal protection of the laws; with the limits of inquiry by legislative committees as to belief, opinions, or political activity, and with the effect upon state legislation of Congressional legislation upon a subject subjected to national lawmaking by the Constitution.

On these much agitated and controversial subjects the lay reader is now afforded the means of forming a considered judgment on the basis of assured statements of the facts and the very words of the judicial pronouncements in decisions of the Supreme Court upon controverted questions of high political importance.



Associate Justice William O. Douglas

Chief Justice Earl Warren

Interview

Continued from page 12

we are catching up with America.

As for the article in the *Moscow News*, he continued, he said he was afraid I was attaching too much importance to a single account in a single newspaper. He said that though he had no reason to believe the author would be dealing in falsehood, he would look into the matter and find out what the evidence was behind the story. It sometimes happened that stories appeared in the Soviet press that somehow got by the editors.

Was there anything else that had disturbed me? he asked.

I referred to the matter of my talk before the Soviet Peace Committee. I was mindful of the fact that the invitation that had been extended to me to visit the Soviet Union was not withdrawn when I made clear in advance what the general nature of my talks would be. That you were willing to have me as a visitor despite my public position on the Hungarian violence, for example, was to me a welcome and important development. In fact, I had been told by correspondents and members of the diplomatic corps that I had the historic privilege of being the first foreigner to speak critically about various aspects of Soviet policy from a platform within the Soviet Union.

I DID NOT take the privilege lightly, I continued. I felt I had an opportunity to tell what I had seen in various parts of the world, especially in Central Europe; and I wanted to speak about a structural basis for peace, one that went far beyond declarations into the specific working machinery necessary for peace.

In providing a platform for me, I said, you were demonstrating a willingness to accept the good faith of someone with whom you might disagree. But then, suddenly, everything went into reverse. You proceeded to demonstrate just the opposite of what the permission to speak seemed for a time to indicate. For the Soviet censors did not permit the correspondents to send out detailed stories about the talk.

This puzzled me, I continued, and it made me wonder about the contradictions that emerged from these two events.

As I spoke, the official reached for a pad and jotted down some notes. When I finished, he said: You are sure of this? You know for a fact that the story was not permitted to go out?

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I said that four correspondents had informed me that their detailed stories had not been cleared. In any event, the censor's office could readily supply confirmation of what I had said.

The official shook his head and said he would make inquiries and attempt to ascertain the facts. He said he could only guess at what had happened. One possibility was that the correspondents had emphasized an aspect of the talk and thus distorted it, or had used certain quotes that may have been misleading or harmful.

We try to protect our guests, he said. Our papers here frequently refer to news items in the United States. And if we inadvertently reported the distortion, that might compound the harm. Perhaps this was what had happened.

Another possibility, he continued, was that some bureaucrat just had fallen down on the job.

In any case, he would attempt to check into it.

I asked if a brief comment on both possibilities was in order. He nodded. Concerning the possibility, that the censors feared that the distortion would in some way be reflected in the Soviet press: Wouldn't the best way of handling that problem be to publish the full and undistorted text in the Soviet press itself? So far, there had not been a line about the talk in the Soviet Union.

Concerning the second possibility: namely, that a bureaucratic error was involved: Wouldn't this seem to suggest that opportunity for continuing error existed in the censor's office? How could conscientious foreign correspondents be expected to do their job under the limitations you impose?

You have opened up a big subject, he said tartly.

We are constantly amazed and troubled by what your press says about us. We have to protect ourselves as best we can. He returned to the matter of the American governors and their surprise in seeing a country far different from what they had expected. Now these governors are not clerks or fruit vendors. They are educated men. If they were lacking in knowledge it can only be because they were misinformed. And this is largely the fault of your press. What choice have we except to do what we can to guard against inaccuracies at the source?

Now, there is something else, he went on, something it is important for you to understand. When our country launched its experiment forty years ago, we did so under dreadful circumstances. Our people were poor. They were sick, many of them. They were hungry. It seemed that we were up against impossible obstacles. As if this were not enough, we were made to feel that the rest of the world was against us. We realized that even though our revolution was over, our struggle for existence was actually just beginning.

If now we seem to you to be oversuspicious, and resentful, perhaps it is because we've come by our feelings honestly.

SURELY, I replied, the Soviet Union now had every reason to forget those old resentments. It is now strong; it is developing an enormous production capacity; and its people are sharing in the better things of life—in education, in good medical care, in improved housing, in luxury products. Psychologically, at least, the nation should feel confident and secure. Certainly it is strong enough to do away with censorship altogether.

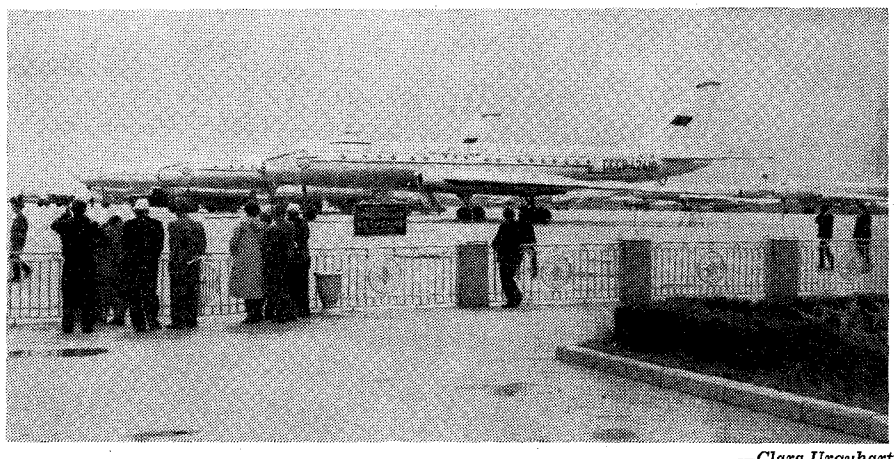
Yes, we have a genuine confidence, the official said. But it is difficult, nevertheless, to preserve an even temper when a newspaper like *The New York Times* publishes a false and harmful story as it did about the interview with Governor Harriman. Days before Governor Harriman's own account appeared, Mr. Schwartz of *The New York Times* wrote a so-called exclusive story saying that all sorts of dangerous threats were made to Governor Harriman—threats of nuclear attack and so forth. That is absolute rubbish, he declared, saying he refused to believe that Mr. Schwartz got that story with Governor Harriman's authorization.

Actually the opposite occurred from Mr. Schwartz's version, he said. It was precisely because we were concerned about so much loose talk by generals in the United States and about how they would blow us up that it became necessary to say that this thing could work both ways and that it was high time an end was put to such nonsense. And now, today, in our government dispatches from abroad, I find an item that is riduculous.

He handed me a sheet on which the following appeared in French in the style used for cable communications:

> 4FP-133 URGENT WASHINGTON 2—THE UNITED STATES WILL NOT ALLOW ITSELF TO BE INTIMIDATED BY THE THREATS OF MR. NIKITA KHROUCHTCHEV, [sic] WHO SEEMS AT TIMES TO TAKE PLEASURE IN ISSUING SENSATIONAL STATEMENTS, A STATE DEPARTMENT SPOKESMAN DECLARED TODAY.

This is what we mean when we talk about irresponsible actions of your press. Here is your State Department making statements based on a false press report. We are not pleased.



—*Clara Urquhart.*

Commercial jet planes at the Moscow airport—"more jet planes than are to be found anywhere in the world."

I said I didn't want to seem too persistent, but I thought that this raised once again the question of the difficulties under which American correspondents were forced to work. For it is unreasonable to expect a newsman to get the news under the restrictions you impose. They are not permitted freedom of movement. The average tourist can get around much more freely. The correspondent has to request permission to go anywhere more than a few miles beyond Moscow. True, the government organizes tours every once in a while that will enable him to see other places in the Soviet Union, and this is all to the good; but the general lack of freedom of movement has a crippling effect on his work.

Then they have to go through fairly elaborate procedures to see people in government, I added. And they are unable, for some reason, to sustain social or friendly contacts with people outside government.

In the matter of censorship, there

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is no clear guide, no way of knowing what will pass and what will not. And the correspondents who are on temporary visas are constantly apprehensive about whether their visas will be renewed.

It is natural for a man to reflect his personal experiences, I continued. A correspondent who has to cope endlessly with restrictions must not be blamed if what he writes reflects a restrictive society. Therefore, why not abolish censorship altogether? There are so many ways a story can be relayed, if a correspondent is eager to do it, that nothing the censor can do can help your cause. On the other hand, freedom of observation and movement might give the correspondent a better chance to develop real news.

The official replied that from time to time they had tried opening up in one form or another. It was not their aim to make things more difficult. They had a genuine problem here and were trying to face it as best they could, he said.

He looked at his watch.

There was one more point I was eager to bring up and asked for permission to do so.

Certainly, he said.

This had to do with the practice of Soviet book publishers in issuing the work of American authors without permission, royalty arrangements, or copyright clearance. I said I realized that a few American publishers were guilty of the same practice. It was an outrage, I said, whether done by Americans or Russians, and I hoped he agreed that common sense dictated that an end be put to it.

We are not resentful of your publishers who want to issue books by Soviet authors without royalties, he said. Let them do as much of it as they wished.

Apart from a very few publishers in our country, I said, there is a strong conviction among authors and publishers in the U.S. that both countries should respect the Berne Copyright Convention with regard to the works of authors in each other's country. Certainly, American authors were justified in resenting the fact that millions of copies of their books are sold in the Soviet Union each year for which there were neither contracts nor royalties. This was a matter that Governor Adlai Stevenson had taken up with Soviet officials on his trip to the Soviet last year, and he had asked me to make further inquiries in that direction.

The Soviet official said he couldn't understand why American authors were so greedy. The fact that they were being read by other peoples should be enough of a reward. An author is no more entitled to be paid for reprintings than an architect every time someone new moves into the house, or a carpenter every time someone sits in a chair.

I TOLD the official that I feared he was not addressing himself to the main point. A man is entitled to the fruits of his work. This principle is accepted in the case of the Soviet author by the State publishing houses. The Soviet author is paid not only for the first printing of his work, but for additional printings as well. American authors were not asking for anything that Soviet writers didn't receive. They were asking for equal rights. Whatever it was that the Soviet author received for his books, whether with respect to the first edition or the fifteenth—this was also due the American writers, as a simple exercise in justice. And the same was also true of Soviet writers in America.

Ah, he said, but that's just the point. The Soviet publishes dozens of American writers and you publish a small handful of Soviet writers. There's no real parity here.

I replied that these were two separate issues. The question of parity in the number of writers being published had nothing to do with the fact that each writer should be the sole judge of how his works are to be used and by whom.

The official disagreed. A writer is not a carpenter. He deals with ideas. He creates a new view of reality. What he writes should be as free as the air. It should trouble the conscience of an American writer to grasp for more money when the important thing is that his creations are serving a good purpose.

Anyway, he continued, it is possible that at some time we may be able to change the present policy. We have a dollar shortage now. When we develop our trade relations and are in a position to spend dollars, we may reconsider our stand.

I expressed the hope that this might be soon. After all, writers could not be ignored in any attempt to build better relations between the two countries.

We will do everything possible to make for better relations, he replied. The main aim has to be peace between us. We have to find a way. I believe in Communism. You believe in capitalism. But if we are sensible we will respect each other despite our differences. We will also try to lessen those differences if we can. It is absurd to suppose that we should allow these differences to result in terrible destruction that can prove nothing.

What he had just said would meet with reciprocal American sentiments, I replied. Perhaps very soon this approach might be reflected in specific measures taken to ensure the peace itself. I was thinking of the establishment of specific machinery in the United Nations for handling problems concerned with world security.

The official rose from his seat. He held out his hand and expressed the hope that the balance of my stay in the Soviet Union would be pleasant and fruitful. Then he made his stipulation that our talk be unattributed and used in a general background form.

The form of the preceding report seeks to be consistent with that stipulation. —N. C.

—N. C.

Miners and their families at a sanatorium on the Black Sea coast—"Row upon row of palatial health resorts, where people of modest means could enjoy luxurious vacations."

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(Continued on page 36)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 35)

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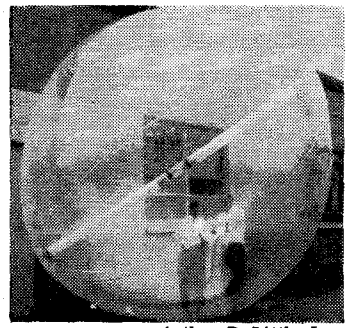

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RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *ASTROFIZZICS*
- *PILL FOR POLIO?*
- *TUNNEL TOOL*

BLOWING bubbles is one of the summer delights of childhood. There is infinite wonder in the floating of an iridescent globe on a sunlit breeze. What holds the rainbow inside the curve of soapy water? Why do the colors twist and turn when the bubble hangs still in the air? What strange, unseen forces keep the bubble together, anyhow?

Scientists are as curious about bubbles as any child. The first balloon was probably some inventive experimenter's attempt to duplicate nature's capture of air in gossamer spheres. And now that men have begun to explore the upper reaches of Earth's atmosphere en route to interplanetary space, it is to be expected that science will use what it has learned about the art of wafting bubbles aloft.

As a matter of fact, erudite men are already blowing bubbles with rockets. The photograph at our masthead shows a sphere that doesn't take shape until it is sixty miles overhead. The makings are of plastic instead of soapy water. But the principle is exactly the same as the one used by children at play. Instead of a film across the top of a bowl of a pipe, the rocketeers start with a crinkled lump of polymer stuff inside an aluminum can. The can is stored in a rocket that is hinged at the middle in such a way as to allow the vehicle to unfold in mid-flight.

Latches are exploded open by a time-clock eighty seconds after the rocket takeoff. The aluminum can falls into the air, unwinding a cord pre-wrapped around it. When the cord is gone, the can flies apart. Ethyl alcohol cached inside the crinkled plastic vaporizes and blows the bubble up to full size. While this is happening, a crumpled plastic tube attached to the bubble's inner surface at two points 180 degrees apart is being expanded by captive freon gas to form a rigid strut across the bubble's middle. The strut maintains the bubble's stability, and holds within itself a steel marble which becomes a speedometer to measure the rate of the bubble's travel.

Arthur D. Little, Inc., the Cambridge, Mass., engineering firm, designed these giant bubbles to map the density of Earth's atmosphere between sixty and 150 miles above Earth's surface. The thicker the air is out there, the slower the bubble will rise and fall.

• • •

A NEW hypothesis about the atom bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki fourteen years ago this month of August has just been published in *Science*. It appears in a belated review of Michael Amrine's book "The Great Decision" (put on sale in bookshops early last March) and is signed by Dr. Edward U. Condon, one-time chief of the United States Bureau of Standards and now one of this country's most influential arbiters of communication in physics. If the hypothesis is true, former President Harry S. Truman and the political figures on whom he relied for ultimate advice decided to use the A-bomb without suspecting the true dimensions of the horror it would loose upon humanity.

Dr. Condon opens his critique with a cautionary statement. His own participation in the A-bomb episode ended in February 1945 (half a year before Hiroshima) and "in any case . . . I was never associated with it at a level that could influence policy." He possesses "little first-hand knowledge of the story that Amrine gives us." But "what I do know confirms the essential accuracy of the story as he tells it" and the book critic echoes the book author's plea for a chance to confirm the truth by opening official records of the time, some of which "contain no official secrets" while "others contain technical secrets now outmoded."

A topic "that needs fuller exploration, as Amrine indicates, is the kind of specific detail about the bomb that was available to our policy makers at the time policy decisions on how to use the bomb were being made," Dr. Condon writes.

"Amrine tells us (page 132 of the book) that General (Leslie) Groves, in a memorandum to General George Marshall dated 30 December 1944, vastly underestimated the power of the bomb. He (Groves) estimated the power of the bomb at only 500 tons of TNT, whereas it was actually 20,000 tons when used on Hiroshima. As Amrine says, our military planners 'were only given reason to think it was a spectacular improvement in bombs, not another kind of warfare.'

"Now I know that General Groves did not know enough physics to make his own estimate; and I do not believe that anyone at Los Alamos would have made such a low estimate. How then could Groves have erred by a factor of 40? Could it have been intentional, so that the top planners would not be aware of the horribly serious nature of the decision they were taking?

"It would have been quite easy to mislead the White House, especially since Admiral Leahy—the staff mili-

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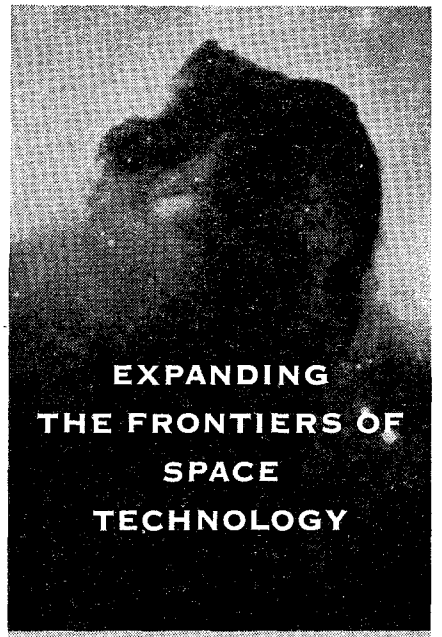

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tary adviser, who 'had had a long experience with explosives'—long thought the project a gigantic 'boondoggle' because 'this bomb did not fit anything he knew about explosives' (page 134). . . ."

"I believe," Dr. Condon states, "that an erroneous view of the magnitude of their responsibility was planted in the minds of the nation's leaders by the 30 December 1944 memo of General Groves and that this erroneous view was not changed by the later, brief, coded messages. Truman learned of the Alamagordo test on 17 July by this message which was sent to him at the Potsdam Conference. 'Babies satisfactorily born.' This was certainly designed to minimize the seriousness of a new development of which the President had first become aware in sketchy outline just three busy months earlier.

"At Potsdam it was decided that Truman should inform Stalin of the new weapon. We do not know exactly what was said when he did this. Truman has written (page 187), 'On 24 July I casually mentioned to Stalin that we had a new weapon of unusual destructive force. The Russian Premier showed no special interest. . . .'

"But, apparently, Truman had not used the key words 'nuclear' or 'atomic' and, perhaps because of the 30 December 1944 memo, may not have himself at that time fully realized the magnitude of the revolution in warfare that had occurred.

"Amrine's account of this affair (page 190) is fascinating: 'No one at Potsdam had time to think much about the lack of reaction from Stalin to the news. Perhaps they thought that (like Admiral Leahy) Stalin found it hard to believe in these 'superweapons.' But had he really been told of a *super*weapon? 'Perhaps, like James Byrnes (then Secretary of State), he found it hard to understand scientific matters'."

• • •

ONE of the quietest moves in the history of Washington, D. C., took place on 15 July 1959. On that day Dr. James Rhyne Killian, Jr., put into effect his resignation as the first Special Assistant for Science and Technology ever appointed by a President of the United States. There was no public notice. Dr. Killian simply went home to New England to resume his association with Massachusetts Institute of Technology, taking on the duties of chairman of the board in a step up from his old post as president.

The move was typical of the man. He was modest when he entered the White House; he was still modest when he left. He had the satisfaction of knowing that during his year and a half of service science had acquired an entirely new place of dignity and power in our government, an innovation commensurate with the dynamic role of science in modern society.

If any criticism is to be made of Dr. Killian's work as Assistant President, it is that he kept himself and his influence too much under cover. Science and the people would have benefited from knowing more about his activities. But perhaps his silence was necessary for the effective establishment of his office. Now that the office is established, his successors need not be similarly inhibited.

The decisive reason for President Eisenhower's appointment of Dr. Killian rather than another scientist in 1957 had been his knowledge of defense science. True, he was universally trusted. True, too, he could not be claimed to represent any special branch of science because his career had not been in research but in administration. But the characteristic that counted most was his total awareness of the ways of the Pentagon in its concerns with the physical sciences. The major fraction of public moneys now being spent in the name of science is being spent by the military. The worst extravagances in the spending are perpetrated in multiplications of fabulously expensive weaponry. To be of real use to the President in his exercise of executive power, then, a scientific lieutenant has to be able to say with conviction what is politics and what is defense contractors's greed for profits and what is really necessary to defend the country.

Professor George Kistiakowsky, who succeeded Dr. Killian as Mr. Eisenhower's chief scientific adviser in mid-July, meets this decisive qualification equally as well as his predecessor. In one respect, he may be even better prepared—he is a specialist in kinetics, an expert in energy transfer, a physical chemist who not only understands explosives but finds a fearless joy in playing with them. He was the one who fashioned the trigger for the first atomic bombs. That impresses most people. His friends and neighbors (and his peers in explosive science) were more impressed when he shaped a charge that blasted hardened cement out of a cement-mixer without wrecking the mixer.

At a moment in history when new propellants of many kinds are in the making, when the direct conversion of heat into electricity is being transformed from a laboratory curiosity

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to an industrial practicality, when the very air is being turned into power by means of fuel cells, when the thrust of fragments of atoms and the energy of sunlight are being put to use, it would be hard to find a truer symbol of the future hopes of science than this quick-witted Harvard teacher-researcher who is human enough to yell himself hoarse at football games and take ski jumps risky enough to break a leg. In the current controversy over the individual versus the big team, he is acceptable to both sides, having served on the Manhattan Project without losing his flair for blowing his own lab glassware. Added to all this is his personal embodiment of Russian genius (he was born in Kiev) with all that implies in the prevailing psychological atmosphere. A gift of remarkably swift reading has enabled "Kisty," as he is called by his fellows on the Harvard faculty and on Dr. Killian's Science Advisory Committee, to range widely across scientific disciplines closed to men with slower pairs of eyes.

• • •

POLIO is striking again across the country. The only available protection against it is the Salk vaccine, which is made from killed polio virus. Continuing uncertainty about the length of time this vaccine remains effective has created public apathy to further inoculations. The United States Public Health Service is consequently under pressure to approve use of a live polio vaccine within the United States. Three such preventives have been widely tested in other lands. All are in pill or liquid "cough medicine" form, hence easy to take. Being one-shots, they are also cheaper than the Salk vaccine, which requires four injections. Not all scientists are yet satisfied that the live polio vaccines are safe. U.S. Surgeon General Leroy Burney's advisory committee on the question met once in July, adjourned to meet again early in August. After the August meeting, an announcement is expected from Dr. Burney's office.

• • •

SCIENCE has arrived at an amusing impasse in its approach to interplanetary space. While saying and doing almost everything that might reasonably lead non-scientists to expect trips to the Moon at any time, the experts actually aren't ready to do anything on the Moon if they should somehow be put there today.

The people who are spending the money — National Aeronautics and Space Administration, National Science Foundation, Advanced Research Projects Agency of the Pentagon — are doing very little to resolve popular misunderstanding of the situation. Fortunately, the Space Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences has taken some initiative. In the July 24th issue of *Science*, this statement is volunteered: "Possibility that the supply of suitable experiments ready for flight might be outstripped (by technological progress) is quite real."

Without mentioning the Moon, which is still very far away indeed, the Board "seeks to offer encouragement to those who wish to take part in space research programs," especially "those scientists who may not yet have given serious consideration to the possibility of experimentation in space." Experimenters who come forward with proposals are promised active personal participation "to the maximum extent practicable . . . throughout the course of the experiment . . ." (and) "complete and immediate access to the results of the experiment."

• • •

AS THIS issue of SR/Research was going to press, General Electric was arranging a news conference in New York to report an exciting new development in communications. Creator of the news is a gadget about a third as long as the inner loop of a standard sized paper clip. "Tunnel diode," the thing is called. The name comes from the way electrons tunnel under rather than climb over or pass through barriers. Tunneling is encouraged by saturating transistor materials such as germanium or silicon with 500 times as much impurity as a transistor can handle.

The first "tunnel diode" was made in 1958 by a Japanese scientist, Leo Esaki, who reported his work in a letter to *The Physical Review*. Five GE scientists—Drs. Nicholas Holonyak and Arnold Lesk in Syracuse and Jerome J. Tiemann, Robert N. Hall, and Henry Ehrenreich in Schenectady—read the letter and went on from there.

Electrical impulses travel through GE's "tunnel diodes" a hundred times faster than they can traverse transistors. Faster computers, better TV, finer A-furnace controls, more versatile Earth satellites are plainly in the making. Far more significantly, the GE scientists have discovered "tunnel diodes" to be a source of sound vibrations a hundred times as high in frequency as anything previously known. Here is a new tool for basic research into the nature of materials of all kinds.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

...NEWS IS HAPPENING AT NORTHROP

Dr. Vincent William Howard
Director of Advanced Systems Engineering, Radioplane Division, Northrop Corporation

Meeting the Challenges of Unmanned Flight and Space Age Recovery Systems–at Radioplane

by Dr. Vincent William Howard

At Radioplane, the world's leading producer of drones and space age recovery systems, the scientist and the engineer create an entire family of unmanned aircraft. Radioplane drones *serve* our Armed Forces and many of our allies in target training and evaluating advanced weapon systems, and can *save* men in the surveillance of enemy territory.

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THE APATHETIC ETHIC

A Scientist's Book of Social Criticism Offers A New Theory About Democracy's Faltering Spark

By RICHARD LA PIERE

SIGMUND FREUD was a product of the nineteenth century who had the unusual distinction of providing the twentieth century with a new and very radical idea of man, and of living to see that idea rise to a position of dominance in the thought of Western peoples. It may well be that, in the further perspective of time, Freud will be acclaimed as the intellectual father of Western society, even as Karl Marx is now being credited with having provided the theoretical basis for Russian and Asian communism. To Marx, men of enterprise are the villains of history—the capitalistic exploiters of the downtrodden, productive masses. To Freud, men of enterprise are neither villains nor heroes—they are neurotics.

Freud's writings have little more internal consistency than does the Old Testament; anything that may be said about Freud's ideas can be contradicted by citations from Freud; and no one has yet been able to interpret Freud in a way that is acceptable to all Freudians.

Freud began his medical career conventionally enough. His preliminary training was in chemistry, botany, and physiology; and he started his professional practice as a neurologist. Shortly after he had been appointed to a chair of neuropathology at the University of Vienna, he went to Paris to study the use of hypnosis as a means of probing the secret recesses of the human mind. There he came to believe that sex is the unconscious but prime factor in neuroses. Upon this one postulate he gradually and quite haphazardly erected his doctrine of man.

In the Freudian concept, man is not born free with the right to pursue life, liberty, and happiness; he is shackled by biological urges that can never be freely expressed and that set him in constant and grievous conflict with his society. Life for him must be an unhappy and unending struggle to reconcile, both within himself and between himself and others, forces that are inherently antagonistic.

As a code of conduct the Freudian ethic, as it will be termed hereafter, is entirely negative. It is composed of sentiments and attitudes regarding man's capabilities that, if literally applied, would keep him from attempting anything positive, to say nothing of attempting to devise anything new. Some appreciation of this state of mind can, perhaps, be gained from the terminology used by those who subscribe to it. In their discourse there is recurrent reference to guilt feelings, personal insecurity, unstructured personality, instability, frustration, trauma, and "tensions." Such terms are used in reference not only to recognizably abnormal individuals but to everyone. Still more revealing is the total absence in the Freudian discourse of such terms as self-confidence, personal integrity, self-reliance, responsibility, or such an earthy term as "guts."

The Freudians do not deny that men may possess positive personality attributes. But to them, such positive characteristics are either the product of the inevitable clash between the individual and society or the consequence of traumatic experiences that have befallen the individual in the course of that conflict. Whatever their source, they are inimical to the individual's psychic welfare; where they exist, they should be exorcised by psychoanalysis; and to prevent their development, society should be remodeled.

THERE has been interminable debate concerning why Freud devised the particular doctrine that goes under his name. His disciples take the understandable but scientifically untenable position that Freud simply discovered by scientific means the truth about man; his opponents lean to the view that the Freudian doctrine of man is at best a delusion of Freud's and may have been a calculated method of winning him enduring prestige as the founder of a metaphysical cult. Far more tenable, if still unprovable, is the hypothesis that Freud, proceeding in accordance with the intellectual standards of the late nineteenth century, simply invented the various concepts—libido, id, ego, superego, Oedipus complex, etc.—that together make up his doctrine in an honest endeavor to comprehend the still largely incomprehensible behavior of neurotic people.

HAD Freud been content to accept his explanatory system as a therapeutic rationale for use in the treatment of neurotics, and had his converts also adhered to this view, a quite different result might have obtained. But almost from the outset of his work, Freud insisted that he was interested in developing—or "discovering"—the laws governing all human conduct, not just those that govern, or fail to govern, the conduct of psychologically abnormal individuals. It seems evident that his idea of the nature and capabilities of man was derived directly from an assumption that the people who came to him for "mental" treatment were representative of mankind in general.

The atypical character of the people from whom Freud derived his doctrine of man would seem to explain his conviction that men are inherently unstable; and one must assume that his preoccupation with sex, a fixation that is close to monomaniacal, was a function either of his own personality or of those of the patients who came under his observation. The latter assumption is most acceptable, for even the most ardent anti-Freudian must admit that Freud's treatment of sex was aseptic rather than pornographic.

Freud's concept of the nature and structure of the human psyche is original with Freud. Unlike most new ideas, his concept was not a synthesis of pre-existing elements. The idea of instincts was, it is true, an old one; but in the traditional view instincts are social and they are expressed directly in action. Freud's idea of the

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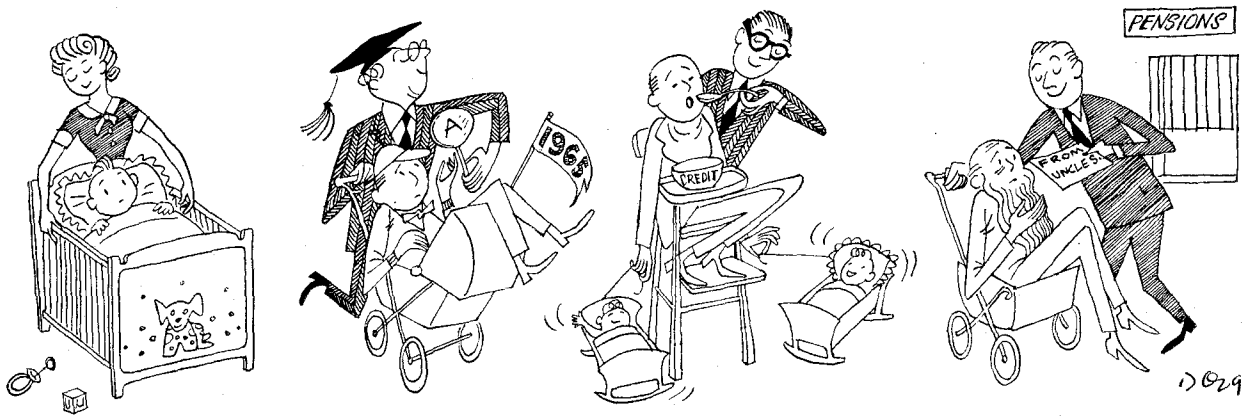

Adjusting to others, if carried to excess, can make us hopelessly dependent upon others throughout our lives.

superego also has some resemblance to the old lay concept of conscience; and the idea of the ego as the conscious awareness of self is likewise an old one.

Freud is not so original, however, when he infers from his psychic system that nothing a man does is what it seems to be. This cabalistic principle may be a logical correlate of the Freudian view of man, but it is a very old one. All, or nearly all, primitive systems of magic and witchcraft have operated upon the assumption that the evident is never the real and that only those—the magic men—who know the secret art of reading signs (or omens) can peer behind the obvious to ascertain the truth. The cabalistic principle is everywhere applied to the interpretation of religious documents; and on the grounds that what is written is not literal truth but anagogical, priests can maintain a monopoly over the hidden truth and are enabled to interpret documents in any way that suits their convenience.

Freud used his idiosyncratic concept of the human psyche as a scheme by which to read behind the obvious to ascertain the Freudian truth—*i.e.*, the anagogical meaning, or motivation, behind the most commonplace act. It is for this reason that Freudian interpretations of human conduct are so contrary to sense perceptions and so incomprehensible to the layman.

From the outset, most of the men who came to study under Freud had been, like Freud himself, trained in medicine. They tended, therefore, to bring to the movement something of the dignity and prestige of the medical profession. The association has meant that the Freudian doctrine has come into wide acceptance slowly and solidly, and come in, as it were, by the front door rather than by the rear. Had the Freudian doctrine not been sponsored by men of medicine, the claim that it is "scientific" would no doubt have long since been brushed aside. And had not an increasing number of medical men come to accept and then to advocate the doctrine, there is little likelihood that it would ever have gained widespread acceptance among psychologists, anthropologists, social psychologists, political scientists, and sociologists.

It is not difficult to understand why the medical profession welcomed, at first grudgingly and in time quite enthusiastically, the psychoanalyst's claim of ability to treat neurotic patients successfully. To most physicians, the critically ill patient is a challenge. By contrast, the patient with a common cold, who will recover in due course and for whom little can be done anyway, is a bore. Even more irritating is the patient who has no ascertainable symptoms of a pathological condition—the hypochondriac.

The emergence, then, of a class of physicians who were willing to specialize in the treatment of neurotics enabled the general practitioner and the diagnostician to refer his neurotic patients to Dr. So-and-so with a reasonably clear conscience.

UNLIKE Marxianism, the Freudian doctrine has not given ideological sanction to direct and violent assault upon the social *status quo*. It does not, in fact, provide a logical basis for any kind of effort to remodel society. Freud's disciples have, however, ignored the logical implications of his doctrine and have advocated modification of society to the end that the conflict between the individual and society would be lessened, if not resolved. Such advocacy has not been organized, as was that of Marxianism, and has been neither systematic nor consistent. It has, rather, been "spontaneous" and individualistic, with the result that the attacks upon the social *status quo* have been both segmental and insidious.

A considerable number of the advocates of Freudianism have applied themselves, skillfully and with seeming effect, to remodeling the American family system. They do so, presumably, upon the sound sociopsychological assumption that as the twig is bent the tree will tend to grow. They do not, however, urge a particular method of twig bending; on the contrary, they counsel that the twig be nourished with love and affection and permitted to grow in its own sweet way.

The non-Freudian thesis was that too much mothering makes the boy a weakling; the Freudian antithesis was the stock view that the boy is inherently weak; and the final synthesis is the neo-Freudian theory that the more the child is mothered, the stronger the boy will be.

The magic word in the permissive mode of child rearing is "security." No one has yet made clear exactly what security is, but it is held to be both essential to the welfare of the infant and extremely easy to destroy. To preserve her child's sense of security is the hallowed objective of the permissive mother. At birth, of course, the infant's sense of security was badly strained, for he came out of the comfortable womb reluctantly. Reestablishment and maintenance of his security therefore depend in the first instance upon constant assurance that he is loved, that he is really *wanted*. He must be protected from the slightest indication that he is not the center of an adoring and indulgent universe.

No member of the everything-for-baby cult would use the term "indulgence." The child is not to be indulged, naturally. The child is, rather, to be permitted to express himself, to manifest in unrestricted and uninhibited ways his inner nature or, if one prefers, his "personality."

Ideally, the infant should nurse at his mother's breast, for as many months or years as he indicates any desire to do so, whenever he feels like it. Once baby is safely weaned, he should be enabled and encouraged to explore the culinary resources of the household. The adult, long since indoctrinated into the food preferences of his society, may need the guidance of a highly trained nutritionist. He is prone to select his foods in terms of taste, which is no adequate criterion. But baby is not so

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handicapped. On the contrary, unspoiled by social training, baby will, given the opportunity, pick and choose from all the foods available just the right ones and right amounts for a properly balanced diet.

The properly permissive mother must apply, as best she can, the same general principles to baby's eliminative processes that she applies to his eating. Ideally, he should be permitted to mess himself freely and wallow in the mess for as long as he may wish. Diapers may be used as a matter of convenience, provided that they are changed only in the most gay and lighthearted manner. Otherwise, the infant may discover that his body wastes are offensive and a nuisance to others. And since he does not as yet distinguish between himself and those body wastes, distaste evidenced toward the latter will be taken as distaste toward himself.

Properly permissive parents will presumably remain permissive toward their children as long as they live. Indeed, they will in due course become permissive grandparents, permitting their children to bring up the grandchildren in any manner that they may wish, provided that it is properly permissive.

The prime requisite for a truly progressive school is, therefore, complete freedom for the individual child to follow his personal inclinations—if he has any. The classroom situation must not in any way be "structured." There must be no measuring of student accomplishment. On the contrary, everything that a child does—or does not do—should receive the approval, and even praise, of the teacher. In this way the development of competitive attributes will be avoided and, quite as important, the child will not be stigmatized as a failure simply because he accomplishes nothing.

The truly progressive school must, further, provide a completely democratic atmosphere. This means, in the first instance, that the teacher must not be a disciplinarian. She may suggest general lines of activities that her students might find interesting, but she should never require that they engage in any specific activity—or, for that matter, any activity at all.

The advocates of the permissive home and the progressive school believe that the child who is brought up permissively and progressively will become a well-adjusted adult. Adjustment is the *sine qua non*. The kind of passive conformity that is currently being advocated as adjustment is, in theory, entirely a function of forces external to the individual. The well-adjusted individual is in no sense a determinant of the actions that constitute adjustment of his own behavior.

Dutifully followed, the counsel of adjustment will result, in every social circumstance, in the individual's taking the course of least effort. Should he find himself among teetotalers, he will sip his tea with evident approval. Should circumstances put him in the company of heavy drinkers, he will manfully accept every drink that comes his way. Should his dinner companions turn out to be Democrats, he will be a staunch Democrat; should they be Republicans, Socialists, Communists, or just good Lutherans, he will be equally at home. With those whose views and values he does not already know, he will wait quietly until a consensus has emerged; then, and only then, will he express himself—that is to say, he will express as his the ideas and sentiments of the group. What he is to do when he finds himself among people who do not agree—say, when some of them want to go slumming and the others vote for the local art gallery—is not clear. Presumably, however, he counts heads and agrees with the majority.

THE cult of adjustment is more than an intellectual exercise by which the unsociable products of the permissive home and the progressive school are theoretically reconciled to the necessity of living in society. It is the ideological base for a number of socially sanctioned practices in which people are actually encouraged to follow, in some one or many respects, the course of least effort. The most numerous and active advocates of adjustment via the course of least effort are the student counselors, who are now part of the administrative apparatus of most large high schools and of many colleges.

The counselors ascertain through tests what particular subject the student will find easiest as a major and what vocational career will be the least demanding in view of his interests, emotional make-up, and existing skills. Thus the student who has been carefully wet-nursed through primary school and gently escorted through high school and on into college may be absolved from making any important decision for himself.

Perhaps the professional advocates of adjustment foresee that, if they are fully successful in the schools, their services as counselors will no longer be necessary. Their invasion of business and industry does, at any event, provide a hedge against this eventuality. It is a fairly recent move and has so far made limited headway, if only because American business and industry are the one remaining aspect of our society in which individual enterprise is often welcomed and even rewarded. There are today, however, sponsors of the cult of adjustment, usually in the person of an academically trained personnel manager, in many of the larger business and industrial organizations.

For a time it was believed that the physical comfort of the worker was

—*E. Wagner.*

Richard LaPiere.

RICHARD LA PIERE IS THE ANTITHESIS of the spoonfed man. He had the gumption to quit school when schooling didn't seem to be teaching him what he wanted to know, and to go back to school as a university freshman when schooling promised to give him what he needed if he was willing to pursue it. Between times he did a hitch with the original United States Air Force of World War I, studied farming, and ran a garage in a rundown art colony in California.

Even after his freshman enrollment at Stanford University—aged 23—this enterprising son of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, had the courage to change his mind again, shifting from engineering to economics and graduating Phi Beta Kappa with a *summa cum laude* degree. On his way to a Stanford Ph.D. in sociology, he spent a year at the London School of Economics. Since receiving the doctorate, Dr. LaPiere has been based at Stanford as Professor of Sociology and has made short teaching excursions to Michigan, Washington, and Hawaii, and research trips to Europe.

Author of a sociological novel about San Francisco's Chinatown, editor of more than thirty books and monographs of the McGraw Hill Series on Sociology and Anthropology, Professor LaPiere introduces a new theory of social change in *"The Freudian Ethic,"* which will be published on August 21 by Duell, Sloan and Pearce at a price of $5.00. The theory says all social progress is initiated by a few enterprising individuals who appear among the masses as evolutionary mutants, with inordinate faith in their own ideas inborn. Suppress their emergence, and society will stagnate. The accompanying excerpt from *"The Freudian Ethic"* was edited and adapted by *SR's* Science Editor.

—ROBERTA SILMAN.

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Nothing is ever what it seems.

the way to his happiness and, hence, to high man-hour productivity. So the physical conditions of the plant or office were remodeled to fit the worker; benches and desks were cut to his measurement, better lighting was provided, and modern plumbing was installed in washrooms. This trend culminated, in the more progressive plants and offices, in air conditioning, pastel-tinted walls, and soft music. Meanwhile, the idea developed that what really makes a worker happy is to be accepted and admired by his fellows, his wife, his children, and the neighbors down the street. As a consequence, the really advanced personnel manager is much concerned with the social adjustment of those whom he employs.

That the happy working man is necessarily the efficient worker is still an assumption hard to prove, and whether the various efforts that are made to bring happiness to the worker actually do so is still anybody's guess. On the whole, professional labor leaders prefer to believe that the happiest worker is the best paid one, although few of them would go so far as to claim that the best paid worker is necessarily the most efficient one. At any event, no one should object to the efforts made by employers to provide workers with pleasant working conditions.

One might enter an objection, however, to the idea that what makes for a good worker also makes for a good superior. The worker, whether white or blue collar, need not and indeed in most instances should not be enterprising; in modern large-scale business and industry, work tasks are highly routinized, and all that is required of the worker is that he follow the routine prescribed for him by the organization for so many hours a day. But in so far as the organization as a whole is competing with other comparable organizations, its long-range survival depends upon enterprising management. And that, of course, means executives both high and low who possess initiative. This crucial fact is lost sight of by those who operate upon the assumption that the well-adjusted young man will make a better executive in business or industry than the one who is, by test results, less perfectly adjusted socially.

The emergence of the Freudian ethic and its invasion of various aspects of current American society similarly reflect, and in turn implement, changes that are occurring elsewhere in our society. Among the more significant of these changes has been the incipient decline of the *bourgeoisie* (here in America we have always preferred to call it "the upper middle class"), with their attachment to the spirit of enterprise and their replacement—still only partial—by a new class that is operating in terms of the values and sentiments that are sanctioned by Freudianism. It is of course too much to say that Freud and his disciples have brought this new class into being, and thereby jeopardized the *bourgeoisie;* but there is certainly a historical concordance between the rise of the Freudian ethic and the rise of this new class, and currently each depends for its growth on the other.

As little as a generation ago, it was the firm conviction of most members of the American *bourgeoisie* that only an irresponsible workingman would marry before he had become well established occupationally and had accumulated a competence of sorts. So thinking, members of the *bourgeoisie* had for decades steadily raised the average age at first marriage until it became the common custom for a man to postpone marriage until he had completed his college education—including professional training, if he was going into law, medicine, engineering, or the academic life—become firmly established in a business or profession, and saved enough to tide himself through any emergency that might arise. As a result, the average age at first marriage of bourgeois males were some six or seven years greater than that of members of the working classes. But now, long after the wartime justification for early marriages has passed, there is no discernible difference in the age at first marriage among members of the new *bourgeoisie* and among members of the working classes. Married undergraduate students are already so common as to be taken for granted in the colleges and universities, where for the first time special dormitories are being provided for students who have wives and children.

Not only are the children of the old *bourgeoisie* now marrying very much earlier than their parents did, but they are also producing children with a rapidity that would have appeared just a generation ago to be utter abandon. They have not, presumably, discontinued the use of contraceptives and thereby given up deliberate control of numbers. But they seem, on the whole, to want and to assume that they should have considerably larger families than did their parents.

THERE is a good deal being said and written—especially in the popular women's and family magazines—in justification of the new bourgeois practice of marrying early and having numerous children. These efforts are for the most part predicated upon the Freudian doctrine of man, and they lead, perhaps inevitably, to a sanctioning of elements of or all of the Freudian ethic. There is, for example, the argument that the younger generation has returned to the fundamental values of preindustrial society, that they have rediscovered the family and are again making it the core unit of social life. Thus, far from being an avoidance of personal and social responsibility, early marriage and numerous children constitute in fact an assumption of social responsibility that had been shirked by the old *bourgeoisie*. For is not the fathering and mothering of children the very point and purpose of living? And, obviously, the earlier one starts a family and the larger it becomes, the greater the individual's contribution to mankind. That such contribution is quantitative and may lead to qualitative decline in the welfare of mankind seems to elude those who advance this particular defense of the new *bourgeoisie*. And they fail to see, too, that in terms of their argument the Chinese peasant contributes far more than the best of our young parents; for he marries earlier and fathers even more children, which is why, in part, he lives so very poorly.

A second line of defense of the recent orientation upon the home and family life is, so the argument goes, a seeking of security. The home and the family, once the traditional providers of security, were for some generations more or less lost to members of the bourgeois class, who tended to live as individuals, to be semiautonomous. And since they lacked roots in a social grouping, they suffered from *anomie*, wandering unloved and unwanted in the lonely crowd. But now, the home and family have been rediscovered.

The claim that modern men are much concerned with security is a

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persuasive one, but that the conduct of the new *bourgeoisie* can be explained in terms of the need for security does not follow. In the first place, the old *bourgeoisie* were not unattached wanderers through the lonely crowd; they were strongly attached, by morality and sentiments, to family life. Indeed, it was this attachment that caused members of the old *bourgeoisie* to delay establishing a family until, in their demanding standards, they could afford to have one.

In the second place, the homes and families being established by the new *bourgeoisie* are in no real sense secure. Never has the divorce rate been so high as during the past fifteen years; and never before has the financial foundation of the bourgeois family been so flimsy and so dependent upon the continuance of favorable economic conditions that are entirely beyond the control of the individual husband and father. If, as is so often asserted, the members of the new *bourgeoisie* do seek security in and through the families that they found, they are in fact doing everything possible to prejudice that which they seek. For they violate all the principles of prudence that were evolved through empirical experience by the old *bourgeoisie* and which served the members of this class long and well. The new *bourgeoisie* operate, not upon the basis of principles, but upon hope and faith; and they may possibly end up by operating as dependents upon social charity.

To be in debt has probably been normal for members of the working class since the industrial revolution (and, before and since, for tenant farmers); such indebtedness has been one of the consequences of their low standard of living and a reflection of their lack of self-restraint and foresight. But within the past two decades there has been for the first time widespread resort to the use of consumers credit by young people in the middle and upper-middle income groups. The importance of consumers credit to the producers and distributors of automobiles, electric appliances, furniture, and other consumers goods is self-evident. There is now almost nothing that cannot be and is not being "purchased" on credit, and it has become one of the major tasks of advertising to provide the new *bourgeoisie* with reassurance that living on credit is not only the normal but the right way.

THERE may be little truth in the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction, but there is no doubt that it is far more complicated. A man may die abruptly, and even from self-inflicted causes; a man may be transformed in a relatively brief period from one who is reasonably normal to one who is definitely psychopathic. For a society, however, there are no such dramatic potentials. Many a society has changed in directions that have led ultimately to its disappearance, but change of this sort has always been both inadvertent and gradual. It seems always, too, to have escaped the notice of those who have been affected by it.

The Romans noticed that they were losing battles, that their Legions were being forced to withdraw from the provinces, that "barbarian" hordes were encroaching on their preserves, and that a new faith—Christianity—was gaining adherents in Rome itself. But these self-evident developments were only symptoms or indirect consequences of subtle, antecedent changes that had gone largely unobserved. Rome had become the center of a great and exploitative empire because its people had been sturdy and aggressive brigands who had learned and applied the arts of military, political, and economic organization. With the passage of centuries, however, the masses of Rome developed qualities of passive parasitism; and through this slow dissolution of their Spartan qualities the peoples of Rome themselves brought erosion to the Roman system and a fading of the glories that were Rome.

The peoples of other societies have, to put a vastly complex matter simply, eaten themselves out of topsoil or worn themselves out in sacrificial supplication of their gods. Whatever the route to historical oblivion, it has always been slow and it has usually been unapparent to those who have traveled it.

It is the thesis of this study that many of the changes that have been of late years occurring in our society are malfunctional and that they will, if they continue uncorrected, constitute our unrecognized road to disaster. These changes are being wrought by men of many kinds and various functions—by psychiatrists and child psychologists of the Freudian persuasion, by permissive parents and progressive teachers, by welfare workers and impressionable judges, by managers of business and industry and leaders of labor and academic life, and by politicians and political administrators of many sorts. Moreover, they are being demanded or welcomed, or at least passively accepted, by almost everyone.

The Special Effect on Science

FOR the most part, additions to scientific knowledge have come from those traditional citadels of freedom from practical concerns and social constraints—the universities. During the Middle Ages the universities were very loosely organized islands of free inquiry in a sea of theological authoritarianism. They may at times have produced nothing but random discourse on unimportant matters; but they developed and maintained the concept of free inquiry, and they transmitted this as an ideal to successive generations of students, some few of whom abandoned philosophical speculation in favor of scientific discovery. Such discovery requires not only individual initiative but a reasonable degree of freedom for the scientist to pursue his own interests, however futile they may seem to others.

General acceptance of the scientist as a potential social asset was long delayed. Indeed, he was often scoffed at and sometimes even stoned. For the past century or so, however, "science" has become synonymous with "progress." It seems odd, therefore, that no very important new provisions have been made for the perpetuation of scientific endeavor. The technician's need for new scientific knowledge is rapidly increasing, and the problems of the scientist are becoming ever more complex. But even the university, though still the primary center of scientific work, has of recent years lost some of its traditional freedom to subsidize and otherwise encourage scientific endeavor.

The recent development of governmentally sponsored contract research has accelerated the trend toward large-scale, highly organized research projects in the universities. On the whole, those university scientists who have become involved in contract research have been lost to pure science. Many of them, in fact, have found themselves—pleasantly and profitably, perhaps—removed from research entirely. The military contracts are invariably big operations, and under them research is programmed. This means, in the first instance, that the research process is largely planned in advance and that the actual work is done by a large number of men, each assigned some special and limited task. It also means that the scientist who accepts responsibility for such a project inevitably becomes the administrator of a complex bureaucratic organization, whereupon he ceases to be a research scientist and is reduced to the role of a research entrepreneur. —*Richard LaPiere in* "The Freudian Ethic."

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Every one of these changes has as its recognized and avowed objective the provision of more security for some kind or class of individual—the protection of the infant from stressful experience, the school child from competition and strain to achievement, the college youth from the need to excel, the young hoodlum from the pangs of punishment, the employer from competition with other employers, the workingman from competition with his fellows, and the nonworkingman from the normal consequences of the fact that he does not work.

It is perhaps possible to conceive a society in which the Freudian ethic prevails and in which, therefore, each member tends to demand much of the others and to give little to the others in return. It is perhaps possible that, in view of the many nonhuman agents of production that are presently at our command, the level of life in such a society could be acceptably high. That society would, necessarily, be a stable one—a self-maintaining and unchanging system; if we were to achieve this condition, we would, in our own particular way, have reached the goal of all utopianists—a society in which every member lives the calm and complacent life and drifts from birth to death without excessive effort, without strain, and entirely free from fear in any form. If we were to achieve this blissful social state, it would be only just to acclaim Freud as our Messiah.

THERE is, however, slight likelihood that Freud will be honored as the savior of mankind, although there is some possibility that he may be remembered as the prophet of doom. For we are currently moving, in many salient aspects of our life, toward a condition altogether incompatible with the nature of our society and the circumstances under which it operates. The difficulty is that we must keep on changing our society and changing it at a constantly accelerating rate if we are to keep it going; for a modern industrial society constantly changes the conditions on which it thrives and in order to survive must be dynamic technologically, organizationally, and otherwise. We may wish for a time of social stability; we may, individually and collectively, long to relax and to do tomorrow just as we did today. But if we do, we shall most certainly lose some valued possession—freedom from irksome labor, freedom of speech, freedom from disease, or freedom from hunger.

The reasons are apparent although often brushed aside. Modern American society—and to an almost equal extent the same is true of the other societies of the Western world—is so very complex and its multitudinous arrangements are so precariously balanced that they will not operate effectively without constant and careful adjustment.

Moreover, no part of this extremely complex whole can continue to fulfill its present functions without successfully solving an endless series of new and imposing problems. We are, for example, destroying our natural resources at an unconscionable rate; and of recent years the factor of population numbers and composition has become, for the first time in America, a matter of considerable concern. Both trends, if unchecked or uncompensated for, will depress our material standard of living.

Nor are these the only ways by which, through failing to remain socially dynamic, we might come to a bad end. We could lose out in the battle with the lower organisms; some new disease strain or some new blend of old diseases could weaken or destroy us; the struggle to keep our plant and animal crops free from diseases could lead to the use of poisons too toxic for us; our current tinkering with nature could give the rat or some equally enterprising creature an opportunity to overrun us. We could through our increasing consumption of the fossil fuels and metals so pollute the air on which we are dependent that no man would be able to venture into the open without a mask and a tank of manmade stuff to breathe; or we could, in returning so much carbon to our atmosphere, so upset the complex and delicate balance of forces, thermal and otherwise, that provide us with our present climates.

There is, thus, nothing certain about the social future. Neither is there anything in the nature of things that precludes our preserving and extending the mode of life that we have evolved. The fact that many of our social philosophers currently view our future with strong misgivings is significant in that it reflects a rather widespread adoption of the Freudian view that man is socially incompetent, but all talk of social destiny or inescapable fate is simply a symptom of a general unwillingness to make the effort to do and keep on doing what is necessary to maintain our way of life. If man fails in the battle with the bugs, is overwhelmed in a flood of babies, runs out of topsoil, smothers in smog, or in some one of the various other ways fails to solve the problems of social adaptation, it will be only because he has given up trying.

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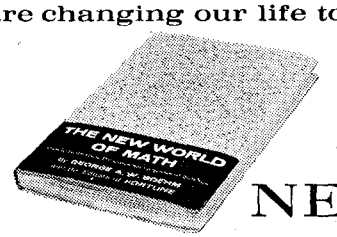

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XLI

A BIRD IN THE YARD IS WORTHY TO DR. BUSH

Far-Famed Vannevar Took Time to Defend His Feathered Friends From Attack While He Was Fighting Hitler

THIS man loves songbirds. He enjoys hearing them sing around his home. When he lived near Washington, D. C., he spent many hours in his workshop making houses and feeding stations for them. After these havens of welcome were placed about his garden, he sat down with his pipe, stretched out his legs, propped up his feet, and listened.

What he heard was not so much singing as squawking. The neighborhood pigeons and bluejays were hogging the food and muscling the smaller warblers off the perches.

The man swore at the squabbling. The puffs on his pipe came slower and slower. After a while, he went back to his workshop. He hunted out thin metal wires and twisted them into coils. Then he took a saw, returned to the garden, and made small repairs on the bird houses and the feeders. Soon the place was gay with song.

The pigeons and the bluejays just couldn't get a foothold after that. Every perch they landed on gave way beneath them, dumping them into the air. Not being mechanically inclined, they never learned why. Neither did the songbirds, but their weight was slight enough to be easily borne by the springs beneath the hinges on the perches.

The episode occurred in tune with the times. The man who designed the springs to save his feathered friends from being pushed around was already occupied with means of thwarting a larger and louder bully named Adolf Hitler. And it may not be too much of an exaggeration to say that Hitler, too, like the greedy pigeons and the bluejays, was dropped from his perch by the influence if not the personal ingenuity of Vannevar Bush.

Dr. Bush was director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, brought into being by President Franklin D. Roosevelt to win World War II. The story begins late in 1940, in the jittery year before Pearl Harbor. As president of the Carnegie Institution in Washington, Dr. Bush and a handful of scientific cronies (including Dr. Karl Compton, Dr. James Conant, and Dr. Frank Jewett) realized that when the war eventually did jump our two "protecting" oceans, industry and research would be expected to provide the materials and weapons for victory. They talked about it often. Out of their talks grew a simple plan for coordinated, government-sponsored defensive research.

In June 1940, Bush took the plan to FDR. With typical New England foresight and terseness, the scientist had outlined the entire organization in four short paragraphs neatly typed on a single sheet of paper. The White House interview lasted less than fifteen minutes. Bush left with presidential authority to organize science to give the United States more and better scientific weapons than her enemies.

There were prejudices to overcome. A scientist in government circles then was a new thing. The politicians, policy makers, and military experts, like many of today's teenagers, thought of scientists only as white-coated little men whose abilities lay in the alchemy of their cloistered laboratories.

In the beginning, funds were limited. New weapons had to be secret to be effective. Not even the smallest details could be revealed. How were millions of dollars to be obtained from appropriations committees of Congress if nothing could be said about how the money was to be spent? No one, particularly a member of an appropriations committee, likes buying a pig in a poke, even a *scientific* pig.

It took diplomacy and a good measure of applied human psychology. At one official meeting Bush announced that he would reveal the basic details of any secret project confidentially to any member of the committee who was interested. Then he added that any one learning the details naturally would be responsible for keeping the secret. From then on Bush was never asked to reveal a single secret. The fact that they could know if they wanted to seemed to satisfy everyone.

Politicians, Army and Navy brass, and scientists had to learn to live together—*and like it.* It was almost like hoping to get cats, dogs, and mice to share the same pen. Thanks to Bush, the law-makers, militarists, and scientists did learn. He taught them by being himself—a scientist, an engineer, an administrator.

Thirty thousand physicists, chemists, engineers, and doctors worked under his direction. For the first time, research was put on a highly coordinated basis. Duplication of effort was greatly reduced. The work of at least a decade was compressed into the three and a half war years. The research varied from jet planes and new medicines to radar and atomic energy.

How well the planning was done can be gauged by one project. The original decision to proceed with experiments in nuclear fission toward the development of the world's first atomic bomb was made known secretly by Bush to those concerned on December 6, 1941, just a few hours before Pearl Harbor was bombed. The bomb that leveled Hiroshima in 1945 hit within a few hours of a predetermined zero hour agreed on in Washington more than a year earlier.

VANNEVAR BUSH is as characteristic of New England as Boston baked beans. When you meet him or hear him there is little doubt of that. Born in 1890 in Everett, Massachusetts, a few miles north of Boston, he spent most of his youth on Cape Cod. One of his grandfathers became the captain of a whaler at twenty-one; the other was the master of the first commercial trading craft ever to sail up the Amazon. His father, Richard Perry Bush, was a liberal Bay State Universalist clergyman who became pastor of the Universalist Society in Everett when Bush was ten years old.

The story of Vannevar Bush's youth breaks most of the conventional rules and patterns of a world-famous engineer and scientist. He was no boy wonder, and he didn't start fussing with test tubes and microscopes at the age of three. He was an average healthy American youngster. It wasn't until he entered Tufts College in 1909 that he discovered mathematics and his own natural flair for doing tricks with it. After being graduated from Tufts in 1913, he made a try as a test engineer with the General Electric Company. Then, after a tour in the inspection department of the U. S.

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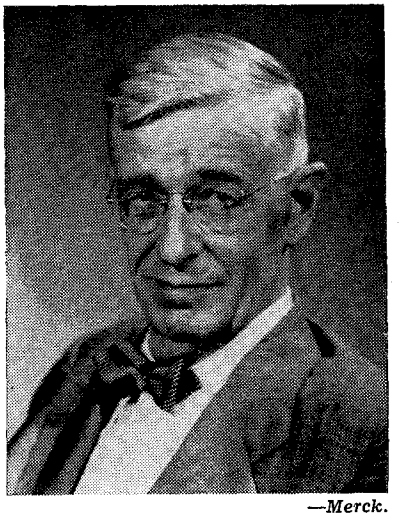

—Merck.

Dr. Vannevar Bush.

Navy during 1914, he returned to his mathematics as an instructor at Tufts. He took postgraduate work at Harvard and M.I.T., and was granted a Doctor of Engineering degree simultaneously by both institutions.

During World War I, Bush spent most of his time at the Navy base in New London, Connecticut, applying his various skills to the perfection of submarine-detecting devices. In 1919 he returned to M.I.T. as an associate professor of electrical power transmission, becoming a full professor in 1923 and vice-president of the Institute and dean of its engineering school in 1932.

During those years, Bush made many important contributions to science and engineering. In the 1920s, working with staff members of the Department of Electrical Engineering, he designed and developed a miniature power network analyzer that made it possible to set up in the space of a small laboratory all the essentials of a large electrical power system so that performance could be tested under various kinds of conditions. In 1935, Bush directed the development and construction of M.I.T.'s advanced differential analyzers. This was the first of the really giant computers, weighing some 100 tons, using more than 2,000 electronic tubes, thousands of delicate electric relays that could trigger carefully contrived electric circuits, about 150 electric motors, and enough connecting wires to total more than 200 miles. The analyzer could master mathematical problems that involved as many as 18 variables. It was used to help solve many of the wartime problems in atomic physics, acoustics, ballistics, and structures. For obvious security reasons, news of the development of the big electronic brain was not made public until 1945, after the war was over.

Dr. Bush held his M.I.T. posts until 1939, when he was elected president of the Carnegie Institution in Washington. Since his OSDR experience he has remained active on dozens of governmental and educational committees. Today his responsibilities include the chairmanship of the board of directors of the well-known drug house, Merck and Company.

Vannevar Bush has always been happiest when he has a problem, any problem, to work on. Perhaps that is why he has had more hobbies than seems any man's legal right. Many of these would be full-time jobs and lifetime pursuits for others. It is not so much the actual hobby that interests him; it is the challenge to improve.

His onetime interest in archery is a good example. Here the business of shooting arrows was not for high target scores, but for the opportunity to experiment and design a super-bow that would give the most in cast, accuracy, and arrow speed. His curiosity along these lines was fired by an old friend, Dr. Paul E. Klopsteg, former associate director of the National Science Foundation and now president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Dr. Klopsteg had studied the English longbow and found it only 50 per cent efficient; that is, only half the energy used in drawing the bow actually was transmitted to the arrow when the bowstring was released. Here was a chance to design something more efficient. Dr. Klopsteg did most of the actual research, making sample bows, cutting and studying cross sections, and conducting tensile tests. Dr. Bush helped with the complicated business of mathematics. When the work was done, their bow was 90 per cent efficient.

During the hectic days when the atomic bomb was first taking shape, Dr. Bush spent many of his few evenings at home designing a glass-reinforced-plastic fishing rod, one of the first. When neighbors near his East Jaffrey, New Hampshire, farm were having bad luck with their turkey flocks, he started a small flock on his own farm and cut the mortality to a minimum through the use of a special diet. In the days of his vice presidency at M.I.T., with nothing more than an old band saw and a few hand tools to work with, he helped his two sons build an 18-foot mahogany boat. When they got to the point of installing the power plant, Bush decided that the 70-horsepower engine would last longer if it had a fresh-water cooling system, so he designed that as well. To serve as a radiator, he mounted two copper tubes on each side of the boat's keel. The salt water cooled the fresh water in the tubes, and the circulating fresh water cooled the motor.

Vannevar Bush has always had one main aim—to make it easier for people to work, think, and create. As already pointed out, M.I.T.'s giant electronic brain that solved many of the complex mathematical problems of our war research was built under his direction. Another of his inventions is a justifying typewriter that makes it possible for any typist to produce in a single operation typewritten pages that have lines even and flush at the right-hand margin like the printed column you are reading. Still another Bush-conceived device is a mechanical selector which scans and automatically selects any item a reader may desire from a roll of microfilm.

Still a workshopper and gadgeteer at heart, Bush spends as many of his spare moments as he can in the well-equipped motorized shop that forms an important part of his home in Belmont, Massachusetts. He is also a man very much dedicated to peace and a staunch believer that the world's scientists can go a long way toward establishing a lasting international understanding. In speaking to a group of scientists and engineers at M.I.T. not long ago, he summed up his hopes this way:

"IN THE self-scrutiny to which we are brought by the inescapable force of events, scientists and engineers possess, more immediately than any other professional group, two very great strengths. In the first place, our professional activities enrich us as a group with a greater frequency and a greater range of contact and collaboration with men of other nations than are enjoyed by other professions. In the second place, and more importantly, the very nature of the body of knowledge with which we deal knows neither time nor place, nor nations, nor peoples. As a profession, then, we have common ground with men of all kinds and conditions. Whatever we do toward furthering meetings on that common ground, toward fortifying and confirming it as a starting point for other meetings by other men, is so much done toward the inculcation of collaboration and concord among all the peoples of the earth."

Will the pigeons and the bluejays please note?

—GEORGE H. WALTZ, JR.

Dr. Vannevar Bush is one of the scientists chosen to sit for word-portraits in Mr. Waltz's new book, "What Makes a Scientist?" *which will be published early this fall by Doubleday. The book will sell for $2.95.*

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

MIRACLES AND MIRAGES

Powerful New Drugs Can Produce Both Phenomena,

And Medical Researchers Must Distinguish

THE most important, interesting, and complex instrument employed in research is the mind of man. The limitations of mind are such that individuals and groups can accept erroneous concepts as truths. The completeness with which political, social and religious beliefs are embraced and the vigor with which they may be defended is evident throughout the history of man. Scientists, too, exhibit human frailties, which may include emotionally charged bias. Although dogma is no longer fashionable in science, it can be found. . . .

It is generally assumed that knowledge of the external world comes only through the senses. The perceptual organs of man are sensitive to only a small proportion of the energy manifestations around him, and unaided perceptual processes do not permit precise quantitative measurements of mass and energy even when they fall within the sensory range. . . .

Most concepts of the external world are not based upon direct experience but upon some form of symbolic information, usually language. Man is not directly aware of gaps or limitations in sensory range or conceptual span. Sensations are perceived as closed patterns, and concepts become satisfying meanings. It is generally true that man adjusts to information of the external world by either excluding it from consciousness (directing attention elsewhere) or attaching a satisfying meaning to it. A scientist may remain unsatisfied with apparent meanings and seek new data and concepts, but being a scientist does not exclude the possibility of his being logic-tight and complacent even in his own field of interest. . . .

Suggestion can be defined as the imparting of a proposition (idea) in such a manner that it is accepted uncritically. Suggestion is the basis of propagandism. In everyday life most of us are conditioned to accept the suggestions of our fellows without critical examination of their validity. Indeed, social relationships, even among scientists, would scarcely be possible if man were required to "cite the evidence" and prove each idea imparted to others. In an extreme form, suggestion is used to induce the hypnotic trance. During the trance the subject can be made unresponsive to stimuli which ordinarily cause severe pain, the stigmata of hysteria can be induced, and the subject will respond to bizarre commands. By suggestion during the trance, the subject can be made to make bizarre responses even several hours after the period of trance. All that occurs in the hypnotic trance can also occur in the waking state. Suggestion has a specific use in the treatment of psychological ills; the skillful physician employs it in the general practice of medicine to establish favorable attitudes toward recovery. . . .

Physicians have long recognized that a substantial percentage of patients who are ill from either psychological or organic causes will report that they feel better during any kind of therapy. Hundreds of remedies for hypertension, heart disease, cancer, gastro-intestinal ulcers, arthritis, mental diseases, the common cold, etc., have had their day without standing the test of time and critical evaluation. The relief of any particular complaint by a drug is not sufficient evidence for a specific effect of the medicine on the complaint unless it can be shown that the relief is not obtained by a placebo. . . .

The study of antihistaminic agents and ascorbic acid in the early treatment of the common cold is typical. Among the patients given placebos, 42 per cent reported that their colds were much milder, and an additional 33 per cent reported that their colds were somewhat milder. Twenty-seven per cent of this group reported that the duration of the cold was shorter than usual. None of the experimental groups reported better results than did the control series. In contrast with the negative results of this and other critical studies, the promotional efforts which resulted in selling large quantities of these drugs for the treatment of colds have been based in major part upon the uncontrolled or poorly controlled studies and upon testimonial evidence. . . .

The effect of suggestion upon the verbal report and behavior of patients is the basis for the success of the witch doctor and the medicine man as it is for all forms of past and present-day charlatanry and nostrums. The popularity cycles of new products and discoveries are based in part upon suggestion. Herein is a challenge for the clinical investigator to determine the true basis for the clinical response of his patients, and for the manufacturer of pharmaceuticals to subject new drugs to carefully controlled clinical testing before advertising their therapeutic value.

Although it is neither possible nor desirable to dispense with verbal report in appraising the status of the patient, the clinical investigator takes account of the limitations of verbal report and employs objective criteria of clinical response to therapy when possible. The roentgenogram and hematologic, biochemical and physical measurements, in addition to overt clinical signs and symptoms, provide more critical grounds for evaluating the status of the patient. Even in his use of objective instruments, the investigator must consider the possible effect of suggestion and attitudes upon organic processes. Here is the field of psychosomatic medicine. So many of the interrelationships between the central nervous system and organic processes remain to be explored. Also, all forms of psychotherapy yield successful results with some patients. This poses a problem for the proponents of specific forms of therapy who use favorable results to support a theory or a technic.

THE effect of suggestion upon the percepts, the concepts, and the behavior of the investigator is of similar importance. We tend to see and to report those things which we hope to find. The experimenter may search more diligently for laboratory errors and other grounds for discarding data when the results are at variance with the anticipated results than when they are in agreement. . . .

By the use of the double-blind placebo (a method which conceals from patients and doctors alike the identities of recipients of drugs under test), it is possible to control the tendency of the investigator to overlook the natural tendency of most patients to improve (the self-limitation of diseases) and to control any bias that the physician may have for the drug under study.

—DWIGHT J. INGLE,
in "Principles of Research in Biology and Medicine,"
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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—ARF—Frontier.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Into a world of strange new materials, filled with apparent contradictions. Pictured at the left, for instance, is Dr. Robert H. Read, of the Armour Research Foundation of Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago, pouring water through stainless steel. He isn't pouring through a hole in the steel—he's pouring onto the top of the metal. The secret of this piece of seeming sleight-of-hand is the texture of the steel: It's made of fibers felted together by essentially the same process that makes hats or sheets of paper. In fact, the idea behind the new science of fiber metallurgy occurred to three scientists in the ARF labs—Walter Troy, Cord Sump and Arthur Metcalfe—five years or so ago when they examined the fibers of paper for a clue to a research problem. Dr. Read's report first appeared in the ARF technical publication* Frontier.

By ROBERT H. READ
(Armour Research Foundation)

A NEW technology of metals, called *fiber metallurgy*, has been conceived in our laboratory. Most of the development thus far has begun with metal wools, wires, filaments, or turnings. By chopping or milling, discrete fibers are made from these raw materials. The fibers are usually coarser than the fibers of paper or cloth. They range up to .015 and .020 inch in diameter and up to an inch or more long. But some have been finer than .001 inch in diameter and less than .010 inch in length. The lengths of the fibers may be similar, or they may vary at random. In any case, they are crimped or beaten so that they are randomly kinked in three dimensions. These fibers are then felted to obtain a uniform, randomly interlocked mass. A felt may be formed by mixing the fibers in a thick liquid, or slurry. The slurry is then poured into a porous mold, the fluid being drained off through the bottom of the mold. The fibers thus deposit themselves uniformly and regularly. Similar, though less uniform, felting may be obtained simply by shaking the fibers onto a mold. Depending on the length and other dimensions of the fibers, the felt may be up to 97 per cent porous. The felts may be very complex in shape, very large in size, or in the form of a continuous strip. They may be compacted by pressing in dies, or by rolling, or by extruding, etc., if further shaping is required.

The felted fibers are heated at temperatures sufficiently high to diffuse and bond the metal where fibers contact one another. This critical step transforms the loose felt into a comparatively rigid three dimensional fiber network. Each fiber may be bonded to neighboring fibers at anywhere from ten to hundreds of points. Even though the bonds may not be individually as strong as the fibers, the network is strong because of the multiplicity of bonds.

The metal fiber bodies may be further compacted, rolled, machined, welded, brazed, or treated in a variety of ways to fabricate finished, useful components. Some of the materials which have thus been treated are lead, copper, iron, nickel, cobalt-base alloys, titanium, and molybdenum. It appears that no metal or alloy is impossible to treat fiber-metallurgically.

The labyrinthine structure of metal fiber materials suggests that acoustical vibrations may be very effectively dissipated. A good sound absorber which is, in addition, a good, high-temperature, corrosion-resistant structural material would be of considerable value. Test specimens made of stainless steel, for example, absorbed about 90 per cent of the impinging sound energy, an effect comparable to that of unbonded glass fibers.

Fiber metal materials also absorb mechanical vibrations; that is, they have a high internal damping capacity. This property is of considerable value in the mounting of delicate machinery or electronic components. Foundation mechanical engineers have found that a stainless steel fiber sheet has an internal damping capacity six times greater than that of an aluminum sheet of the same weight.

A porous metal fiber material has a very large surface area such as is desirable for catalysts, separators, battery plates. Inside present automotive storage battery cells, a waffle-shaped network of lead holds an active impregnant. A promising cell containing an impregnated lead fiber network has been constructed by Foundation metallurgists. There is not yet conclusive evidence, but the new cells should be more prone to hold the active material and thereby lengthen cell life.

Composite materials such as metal-ceramic mixtures have special applications for which no single homogeneous material is satisfactory. If the pores of fiber materials are completely filled with a second material such as plastic, then the metal and plastic form continuous, interpenetrating networks. This unusual composite configuration has advantages not possible in other techniques.

Metal fiber-reinforced plastics may withstand impact, fatigue, and wear better than glass fiber-reinforced plastics; at the same time, they are good conductors of heat and electricity. The automotive industry in independent experiments is now using metal fiber-reinforced plastic to make sheet metal forming dies for shot run operations.

Experimental work is being conducted at the Foundation to determine whether lead can be reinforced by a strong metal fiber network without loss of resistance to chemical attack or of nuclear shielding properties. Magnesium metal reinforced with a steel fiber network has superior strength-to-weight ratio, improved ability to carry loads without being permanently deformed, and greater resistance to impact. This reinforced magnesium is being considered as a lightweight armor.

Metal fiber-reinforced ceramics are one of the most exciting possibilities of fiber metallurgy. The incorporation of a uniform, fine metal skeleton in a refractory ceramic can almost certainly improve strength, shock resistance, and thermal properties. The new configuration can be thought of as analogous to "miniaturized" reinforced concrete. It is easy to see the value of a new metal-ceramic composite at a time when new materials for use at very high temperature are needed so urgently.

The list of possible applications of fiber metallurgy seems endless: low density structural materials, porous self-lubricating bearings, porous metal for self-cooling surfaces of planes and rockets, improved brake linings, metal flame barriers, gas mixers or diffusers, and many others. This research frontier stretches across the horizon of many industries.

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Fiction

Continued from page 18

have been yours had you been luckier, or even smarter. Of course Mr. Bonner's prerequisites for such a successful mutation are a trifle beyond the average assets: Mr. Jones begins his new life with a cool $320,000, no responsibility towards the security of those whom he leaves behind, and with a thorough showering of the most amazing luck. This immediately brings along a beautiful girl, half his age, who falls madly in love with him, and is even willing to carry on a *liaison intime* for the sheer joy of it, with no thought of marriage. Mr. Jones also discovers within himself a never suspected talent for painting, which in one brief year develops into full-blown canvases of inestimable artistic and economic value.

Of such stuff are summer fantasies made, and this is definitely a summer book to be read in the hammock slung between the shade trees. "The Art of Llewellyn Jones" is a good, simple story. Who knows, it might even give some impressionable soul imitative ideas. —JOHN SECONDARI.

SENTIMENTAL RHAPSODY: Garson Kanin's first novel, **"Blow Up a Storm"** (Random House. $3.95), takes a backward look at the prewar jazz era, when music was hot rather than cool, when pep pills contained Ephedrine instead of Benzedrine, and when the world seemed a lot braver and newer. In spite of its human cacophony, "Blow Up a Storm" is an unabashedly sentimental rhapsody to the universality of jazz. A jazz beat is "a commitment," cerebrates a French jazz addict in the novel. "It says this. Quickly, quickly live."

Mr. Kanin, who misspent a part of his youth as a saxophonist, replays the unsuccessful attempt of a gifted jazz group of the Thirties to live in tempo to their music. The Woody Woodruff band is born in an Alice Foote MacDougall restaurant; its disparate sidemen create some inspired improvisations, and the group enjoys a modest vogue: recording, being an extra added attraction at picture palaces, and playing at Nick's and other jazz redoubts. But between Slug Abrams, the Negro drummer, and Woodruff, the white trumpeter, blooms a sick enmity that corrupts first their work and then their lives. The band falters and Slug's death gives it the *coup de grâce*.

The novel is narrated by the one-time saxophonist—now a Broadway playwright and the husband of a successful actress (can this be coincidence?)—who runs into the down-and-out Woodruff in Chicago. Their meeting "sets off a whole string of firecrackers" in the playwright's head, and memory and revelation complete the log of the Woody Woodruff Seven. Mr. Kanin ranges easily between past and present (with one or two dispensable tangents), creating brilliant highlights of hipsters trying to buck a square world. If the author becomes too rhapsodic, it is perhaps the most suitable tone for those to whom jazz is an obsession as well as an occupation. —MARTIN LEVIN.

ISLAND HOPPER: The focus of Gordon Cotler's **"The Bottletop Affair"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) is a Japanese fugitive holed up on a Pacific island eight months after hostilities have passed on to hotter sectors. Around this World War II standoff between one hard loser and the U. S. Army, Mr. Cotler has confected an effervescent comic novel that bounces along from one hilarious deadfall to another.

All that is known about "Bottletop" is that his real name is Kobayashi. But his genius at eluding captivity and his mania for filching cokes from the PX stores have earned him his pet name and the undivided attention of military intelligence—which believes him an officer of high rank. (Who else would make off with such high-level tidbits as Oh Henrys, tinned pâté, and bottled gefuelte fish?) Military intelligence on Bottletop's island is mainly Second Lieutenant Merle Wye, a girl-crazy shavetail, whose stakeouts for the marauder display an ingenuity spawned by impending court martial. There is Operation Screeno, by which it is hoped to net the offbeat samurai as he watches an outdoor movie from a loge in the underbrush. (Unfortunately, Bottletop had already seen the picture.) There is the Camp Popone project, in which a nisei infiltrates the Japanese compound and goes too convincingly native. There is the remarkable case of Commander Hammerslag, a case which involves mainly Four Roses. And as a leitmotif there is Mollie Ballou, who has nothing to do with Bottletop but who happens to be a magnificently nubile Army nurse completely surrounded by desperate men, Wye included.

The refreshing distinction of the novel, the author's first, is that it avoids familiar G. I. caricature in favor of genuinely witty insights. Wye, his love-starved agents, and the redoubtable Kobayashi are a crew of full-blown originals, and their dilemma ripens into a richly entertaining adventure, nicely poised between farce and reality. —M. L.

A novel of the Elizabethan Age—of Sidney and Essex, two of its greatest men, and of Frances Walsingham, who gave her love to both.

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 10, 7, 13, 5, 4, 8, 6, 14, 2, 12, 1, 9, 11.

A Cure of Guilt

By John Holmes

OLD COLD conscience comes carrying the law.
This is a presumptuous agent, conscience,
Who punishes in silence, and one alone,
Some self-failure of a self-given command.
A public wrong-doer serves and goes free.
The doom judge conscience utters is to be
Guilty. The punishment is poison by guilt,
The slow death, corrosion of innocence.
So we rust. We are imperfected all.
I will not die for such inconsequence.
My guilt is my guilt, I know its smell,
Hang, size, clutch, and following cloud:
You know how haunted well you know yours.
But a prouder officer, always in this court,
At last speaks, his words what but praise
Of some part angel stooping as all ape,
But if anything excessively, a man,
Unable to spoil or scant within him grace.
And the imbalance rightens, the lost light
Forgiving dark from the beginning of years.
I had forgotten there is so much light.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1323

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Steep, very narrow cleft in the face of a cliff.	191 135 10 138 113 2 179
B. Describing music based on the tones of the chromatic scale, in any order, disregarding the major-minor system (comp.).	104 136 56 188 176 119 42 26 12 192
C. Colloq. term for two morning meals in one.	44 183 139 116 160 48
D. Detergent.	178 32 111 149 64 8 190
E. Warm-blooded.	66 84 73 5 171 181 88 167 96 33 45 121
F. An individual smaller than the norm.	21 51 122 145 61
G. Lawn.	102 63 17 19 165 140 47 89 120 28
H. Certain special "Commemorative Awards" given in New York in Citizenship, Arts, Medicine, Humanities, Science.	105 83 20 35 196 184 129 101
I. By far the most abundant of fishes on the Atlantic coast.	172 151 78 53 108 34 52 157
J. Genus of the giant squids, prime food of sperm whales.	112 150 4 65 77 57 69 115 50 14 186 71
K. A novel feature or method or aspect (2 wds.; familiar phrase not in Webster as such).	146 87 180 9 70 92 94 31
L. Nautical essentials of safe navigation: (3 wds.) lead, log, and lookout.	98 161 30 147 132 106 166 43 187 93
M. Members of the crew.	169 54 107 7 38
N. Long-established English opposite number to our "coffee break."	182 142 41 16 97 6 90
O. Tutor to Oliver Cromwell's ward, but great friend of Charles II as well.	162 127 23 118 153 110 40
P. In the Eastern Church, a sticheron which has a rhythm and melody of its own rather than that of a hirmos (NOW you know!).	75 25 117 58 29 173 128 59 164
Q. Figuratively, whatever is floating as on water.	130 18 195 60 168 131 11 36 85
R. To fit ingeniously or nicely.	114 39 55 143 76 163 156 86
S. Inhabitant of Latvia.	123 103 141 194
T. Chronic nervous disease, popularly called in its most pronounced form "the falling sickness."	62 193 133 109 177 72 152 125
U. A fan in France.	81 126 24 1 46 15 100 124
V. Cloak decorated with crosses, worn by monks of the angelic habit.	170 154 144 27 49 37 95 158
W. Ben Jonson's famous epithet for Shakespeare (2 wds.).	67 185 22 137 79 13 3 189 68
X. Vincent's infection, all too well known in World War I (2 wds.).	91 74 175 174 134 80 82 148 159 155 99

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 U	2 A	3 W		4 J	5 E	6 N	7 M	8 D	9 K	10 A	11 Q	12 B	13 W		14 J
15 U	16 N	17 G		18 Q	19 G	20 H	21 F	22 W	23 O	24 U	25 P		26 B	27 V	28 G	
29 P	30 L	31 K	32 D	33 E	34 I	35 H		36 Q	37 V	38 M	39 R	40 O	41 N	42 B	43 L	
44 C	45 E	46 U		47 G	48 C	49 V	50 J		51 F	52 I		53 I	54 M	55 R	56 B	
57 J	58 P		59 P	60 Q	61 F	62 T	63 G		64 D	65 J	66 E	67 W		68 W	69 J	70 K
	71 J	72 T	73 E	74 X	75 P	76 R		77 J	78 I		79 W	80 X	81 U		82 X	83 H
84 E	85 Q	86 R	87 K		88 E	89 G	90 N	91 X		92 K	93 L		94 K	95 V	96 E	97 N
98 L	99 X	100 U	101 H	102 G		103 S	104 B	105 H	106 L	107 M	108 I	109 T	110 O	111 D		112 J
113 A	114 R		115 J	116 C	117 P	118 O	119 B	120 G	121 E	122 F	123 S	124 U	125 T		126 U	127 O
128 P	129 H	130 Q		131 Q	132 L	133 T	134 X	135 A		136 B	137 W		138 A	139 C	140 G	141 S
	142 N	143 R	144 V	145 F	146 K		147 L	148 X		149 D	150 J	151 I	152 T	153 O	154 V	155 X
	156 R	157 I		158 V	159 X	160 C	161 L		162 O	163 R	164 P	165 G	166 L	167 E		168 Q
169 M	170 V	171 E		172 I	173 P	174 X		175 X	176 B	177 T	178 D	179 A	180 K	181 E	182 N	183 C
184 H		185 W	186 J	187 L	188 B		189 W	190 D	191 A	192 B	193 T	194 S		195 Q	196 H	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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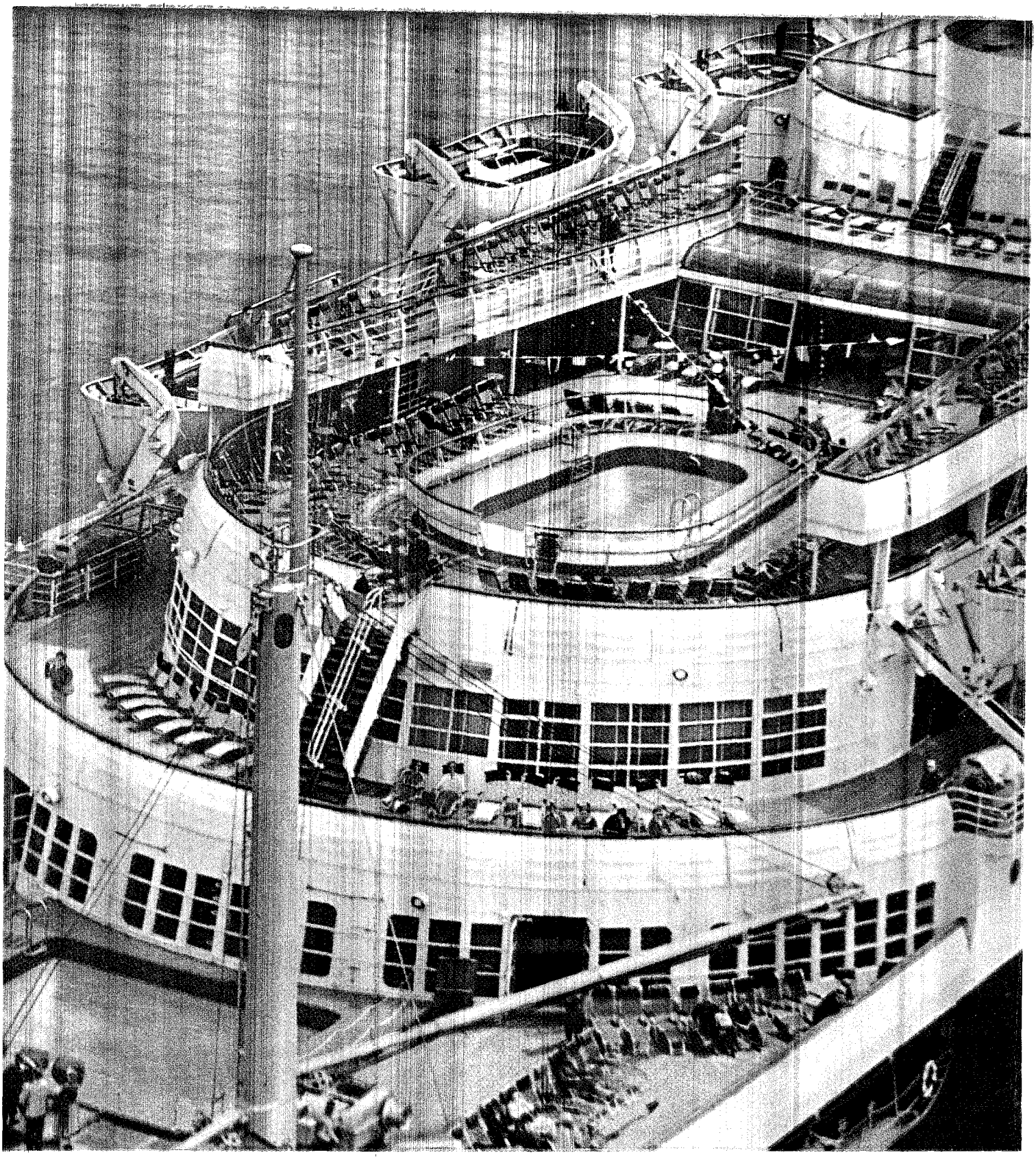

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